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Sport, Pastimes & Travel.

The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 178.—Vol. XIV. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, May 1, 1907 [With Two Supplements, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Notice

Photo *Mendelssohn*

The Duchess of Sutherland

One of the Colonial Premiers' many entertainers. Two thousand people, representing all sections of Society and politics, were present at Stafford House on the occasion of the banquet recently given by the Duke and Duchess

Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday May 1, 1907

Mr. Asquith ought to have been having sleepless nights during the past week. If he hasn't had them, then the curses of the widows and the fatherless, of married men, bachelors, retired Majors, unmarried women, fathers of ten, schoolmasters, greengrocers, the aristocracy, the middle and the working classes, have been of no avail. He has wronged them all with that shilling in the pound, and they have mostly written to the papers to say so.

* * *

If Mr. Asquith had been a business man, he would have made the tax elevenpence three farthings and given a packet of pins for the farthing. Then, at any rate, he would have had the pin manufacturers with him, and probably the wives of tax-payers. Little kindly thoughts like that go a long way in shops. But you cannot expect them from mere statesmen. (The emphasis in the last word lies on the *men*.)

* * *

It used to be considered a toss-up, but now the *Daily Mail* has pretty well decided what type of man a woman likes best. Bachelors who are anxious to marry might do well to consult back numbers of our contemporary, but married men should refrain from what can only be certain disappointment.

* * *

Three French swimmers have decided to try and swim across the Channel this summer, one taking up the swimming where the other fails. It is a capital notion, and, in the opinion of a good many people, is more likely to succeed than the old attempts made by a single individual. If it doesn't, the number of swimmers might be added to, or they might be towed by a steamer.

* * *

The Vienna *Tagblatt* was quite right to comment unfavourably upon the custom, which appears to be increasing, of Austrian football players slapping one another's faces in the course of the game. Such exhibitions of ill-humour should be reserved strictly for the referee. Scratching and biting are also bad form—as between player and player.

Scene—Piccadilly, tea-time

NEWSBOY (*disappointed*): "'E don't buy no bloomin' papers, 'e don't. Sees 'em for nuffin at 'er club"

(BY DUDLEY HARDY)

Many thanks to the Sewage Committee of the L.C.C. for undertaking to spare St. Paul's Cathedral. Some of these old edifices are worth retaining, if possible.

* * *

There is to be no disarmament at present, it seems. On the contrary, both Germany and China are talking of re-arming their forces. Some experts believe that Germany wishes to be ready in the event of a war with England, but we know what experts are. It may only be that they want to be strong enough to defend their shores and protect their Shakespeare against Mr. Tree's intended assault next year. As to why China is re-arming, we have not seen any reason given. Perhaps, some of the Chinese soldiers find it dull work manœuvring with guns that wont go off, or only kill their bearers when they do.

* * *

Great things are expected at the Opera this year. New dresses have been provided—a considerable expense when one considers what a lot of stuff some of the artists take—and the management is going to try and induce the principal singers to wear costumes more or less approximating to the period of the play. We wish the management all success, but hope they will not make Grand Opera too staid and realistic a business. There is not too much humour going begging in any case.

* * *

What is to become of authors? Mr. Lyons, manager of the refreshment company bearing his name, has written a novel, and it is to be the mere precursor of a "Lyons's Library"—presumably from the same pen. It will hit authors in two ways: (1) Authors' refreshments are bound to suffer if Mr. Lyons devotes most of his time to novels; (2) Authors' royalties will decrease if a business competitor steps in. Especially will the latter happen if, as is only too likely, Mr. Lyons's effort is followed by an A.B.C. Library, a B. T. T. Library, a Kardomah Library, and a Lockhart's Library. Mr. Eustace Miles has already written one, of course; and his "How to Live on 3*d.* a Day" should become a real boon to the literary profession.

The Topictator

PARLIAMENT WOULD BE A FAR NOBLER ASSEMBLY... IF EVERY MAN --- NEVER FAILED TO SPEAK HIS MIND BOLDY AND FREELY TO THE PEOPLE" QUARTERLY REVIEW.

PERHAPS IT WOULD.

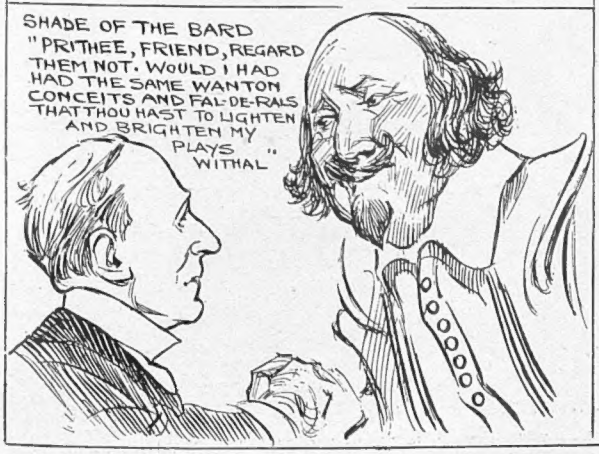
"AW — LADIES AND GENTLEMEN — AW — I KNOW I'M AN AWFUL ASS. MY OPPONENT'S A MUCH BETTER CHAP THAN I AM. I'M ONLY PUTTING UP BECAUSE — AW — I CAN AFFORD IT AND — AW — DECENT CLUB AND SO ON. DON'T THINK I SHOULD HAVE A VERY HIGH OPINION OF YOU IF YOU RETURNED ME — AW — DON'T THINK I'VE GOT ANYTHING MORE TO SAY — AW — "

A GENTLEMAN OF ST LOUIS, 101 YEARS OLD WILL BE MARRIED IN AUGUST TO A LADY WHOSE AGE IS 100 YEARS. THE COUPLE WERE SWEETHEARTS IN THEIR YOUTH.

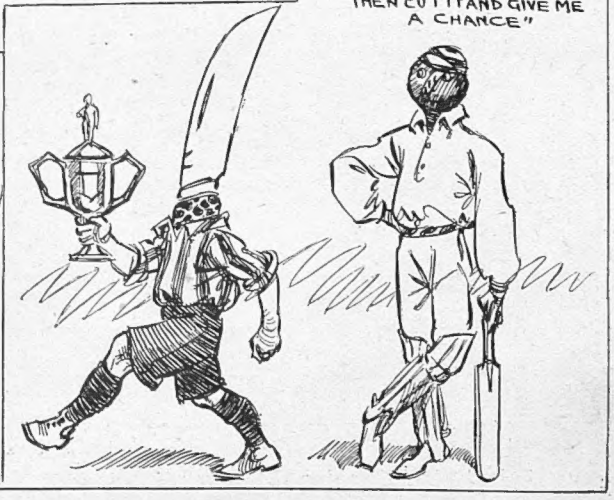
CHARMING!

"WELL, WILLIAM, IT'S STRANGE IF I CANNOT PASS THE TIME OF DAY WITH OUR MUTUAL FRIEND HERE WITHOUT BEING ACCUSED OF WANTING TO UPSET THE BALANCE

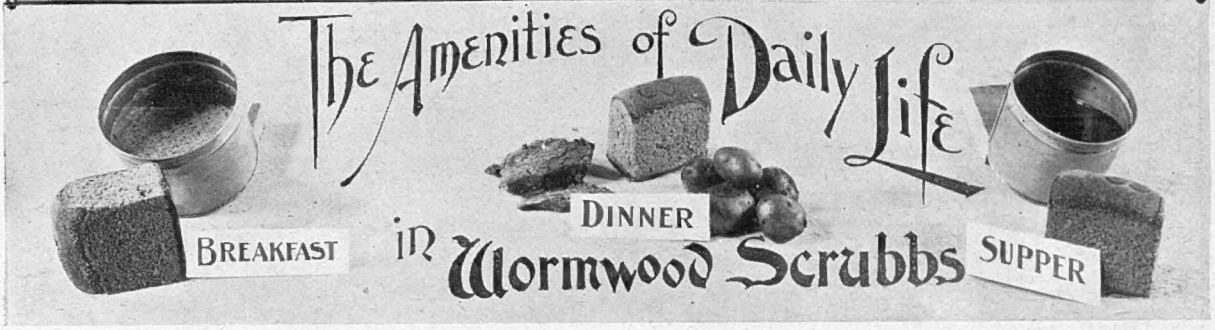
SHADE OF THE BARD "PRITHEE, FRIEND, REGARD THEM NOT. WOULD I HAD HAD THE SAME WANTON CONCEITS AND FAL-DE-RALS THAT THOU HAST TO LIGHTEN AND BRIGHTEN MY PLAYS WITHAL"



"YOUVE GOT YOUR CUP, NOW THEN CUT IT AND GIVE ME A CHANCE"



The Case for Prison Reform

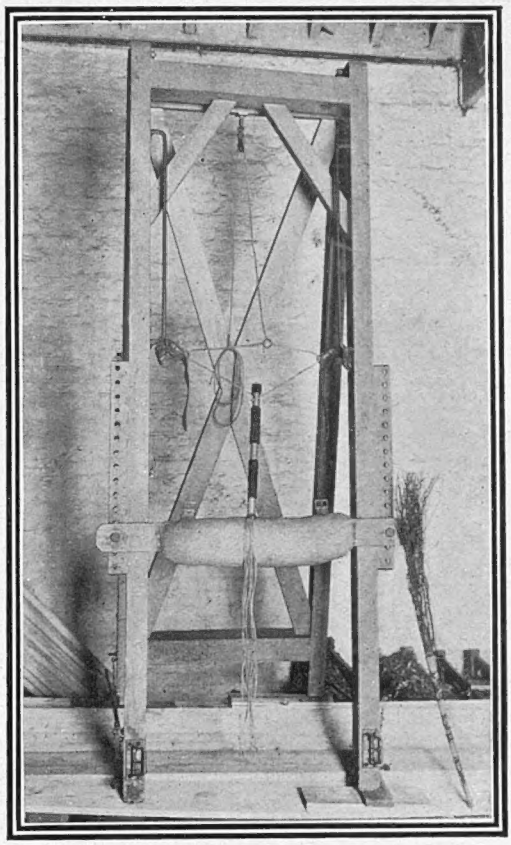


The Convict's Daily Dietary

Consisting of: Breakfast, 8 oz. bread and 1 pint of gruel. Dinner, 5 oz. meat (varied). 16 oz. potatoes, and 8 oz. bread. Supper, 8 oz. bread and 1 pint of cocoa. The absence of green food is, on grounds of health, the chief objection to the diet

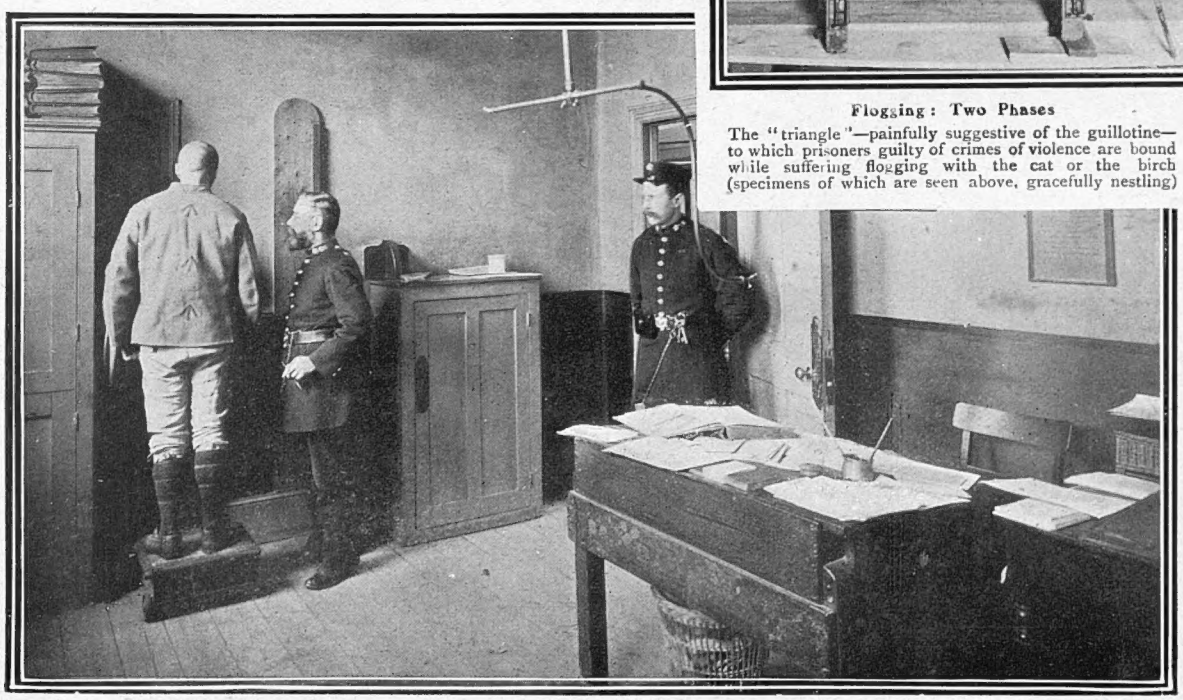
Face to the Wall!

On the arrival of new prisoners, the regulations are read to them while their faces are turned to the wall



Flogging: Two Phases

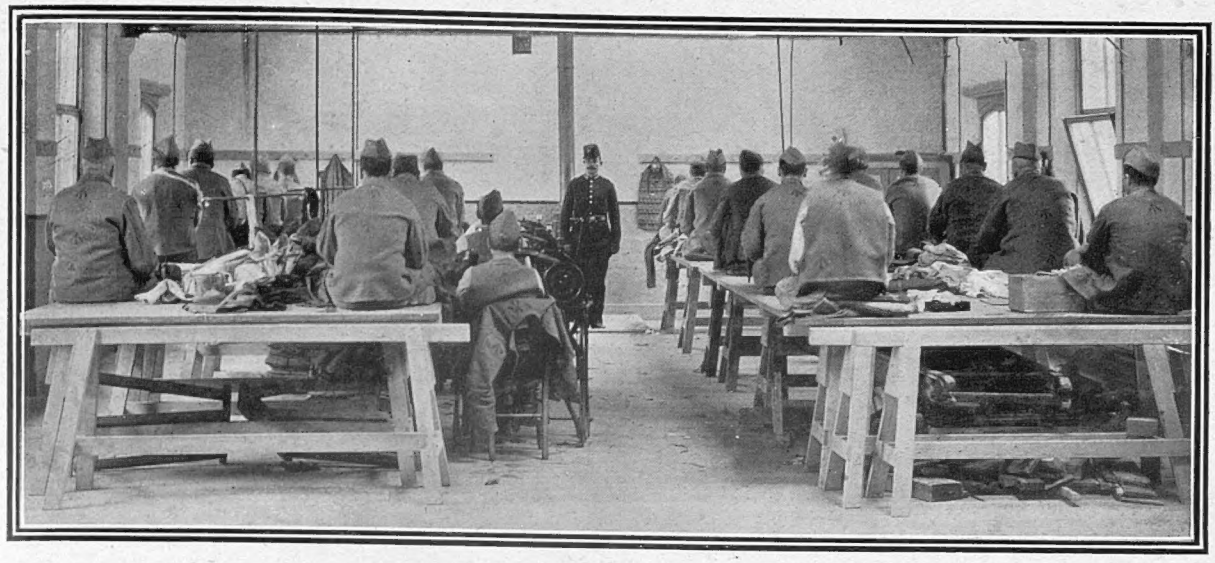
The "triangle"—painfully suggestive of the guillotine—to which prisoners guilty of crimes of violence are bound while suffering flogging with the cat or the birch (specimens of which are seen above, gracefully nestling)



Photos] **Weighing Up a New Prisoner** [*Bulbeck*

After having his head shorn clean of hair, the prisoner is weighed. Lord William Nevill in his book (published by Mr. Heinemann), *Penal Servitude*, states that his weight, after nine months' confinement, fell from 12 st. to 9 st. 10 lbs.

The Trivial Round, the Common Task!



"Stitch! Stitch!" Prison tailors at their daily toil

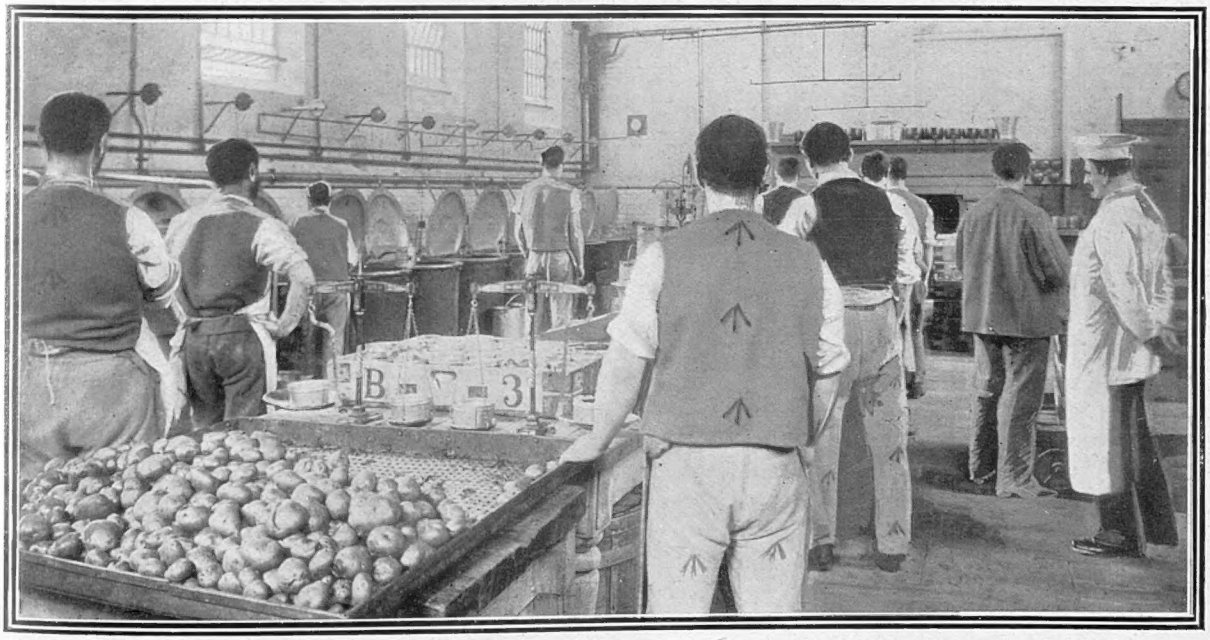
This is a popular branch of servitude, as it affords thought enough to keep the mind occupied, and, by enabling the convict to shift about as he likes, is scarcely a more obnoxious form of labour than that of many thousands of "free" workers

A Hair-cut at the Scrubbs

Prisoners are operated on once a week by the barbers—themselves convicts—the hair on the head being clipped to a regulation ⅛ inch, and that on the face to about ¼

In the Bakehouse

Another of the less objectionable forms of labour

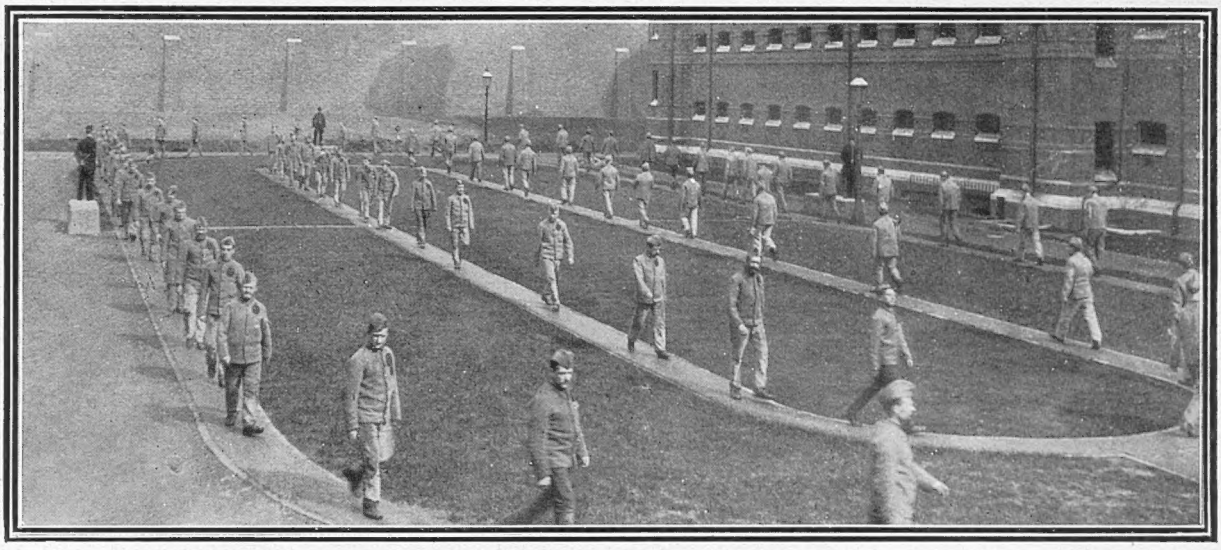


Photos *Bulbeck*

The Cuisine of the Scrubbs: Convict-cooks prepare dinner for themselves and their fellows

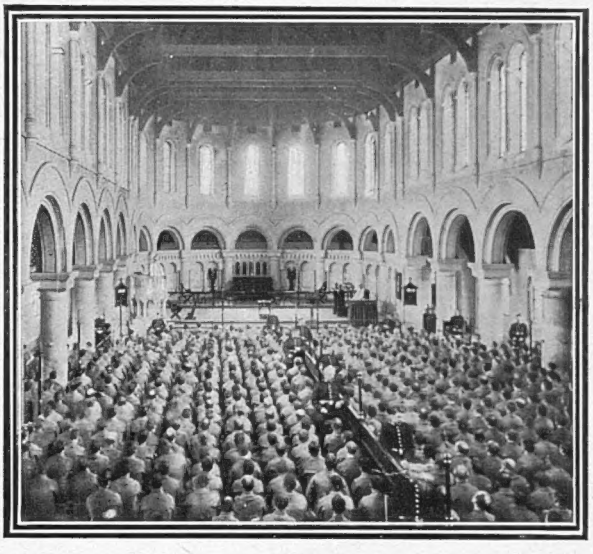
The part played by the potato in these culinary processes is, as will be seen, large enough to satisfy the most bigoted partisan of that vegetable

Prison Recreations, Physical and Moral

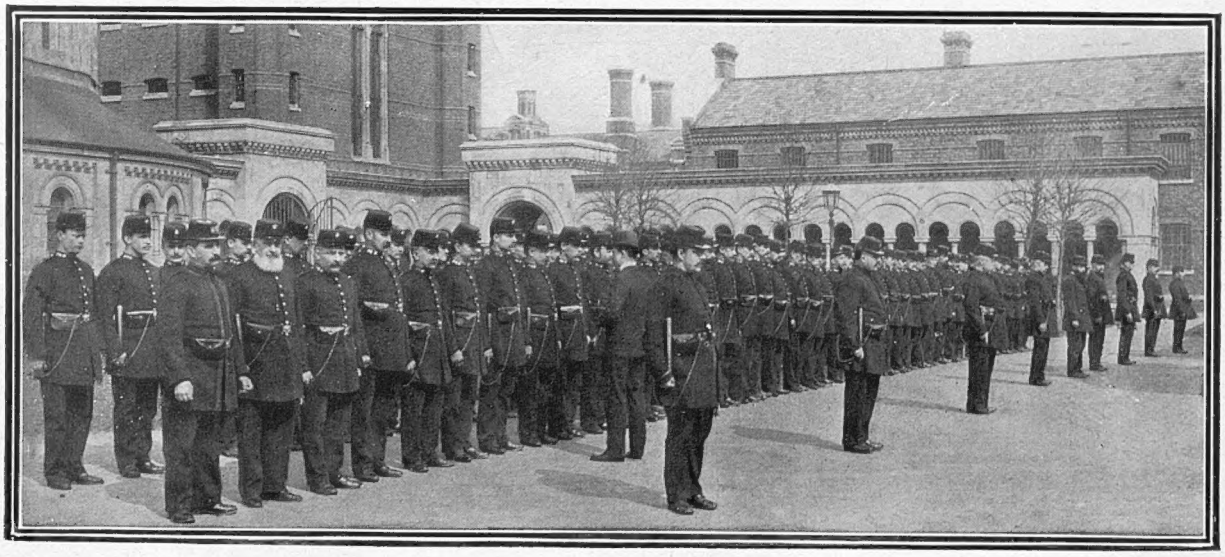


Tramp! Tramp! The monotonous daily function known as exercise

Caged Like Wild Beasts: A prison corridor and gallery
The "grille" arangement is to prevent suicidally inclined prisoners from throwing themselves over the rail



Prayers in Durance Vile
The services are welcome to the prisoners, not because of the religious consolation, but because of the break in the daily monotony (and the opportunity for surreptitious conversation) they afford



Photos *Bulbeck*

The Inspectors Themselves Inspected: Warders muster before the Deputy-Governor

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

Opening of the Season

The return of the King and Queen to London this week, and the First Spring Meeting at Newmarket, heralds the opening of the season. For once, Buckingham Palace—the Court for the moment being out of mourning—will take its rightful place in the social scheme of things. A whole succession of Royal visitors is expected there. King Haakon and Queen Maud, the King and Queen of Denmark, Prince and Princess Adolphus of Sweden, the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Roumania, and Prince Fushimi of Japan are the chief of them, and in their honour State balls and banquets, concerts, and a Gala performance at the Opera will be given. Altogether, the season promises to be both brilliant and crowded, and if, as happened last year, the Court stays in London until right into August, it will also be lengthy, for the presence of the Colonials has necessitated an exceptionally early beginning.

* * *

Millionaire Visitors

In the Park the hyacinths, sure heralds of the return of rank and fashion, are at the height of their radiant beauty. The fashionable restaurants, even the theatres, and the, for the present, strictly Wagnerian Opera, are crowded every night. A saunter down Bond Street reveals half social London sauntering also. A peep into the shops shows one not only buyers eagerly purchasing the season's panoply, but also tradesmen for once content. In common with the farmer, it is the tradesman's prerogative to grumble, both in and out of season, in good times and in bad. But this year, with the expected influx of American millionaires and multi-millionaires, the shopping of Colonial ladies in full swing, and the return of the Court to Town, even tradesmen are satisfied. The great houses of Mayfair are at last released from their wrappings and shutters, many of them have already burst forth into window-boxes and sun-blinds, *débutantes* are beginning to feel excited, and hostesses are already in despair over the arrangement of their "dates."

Photo *"Graphic" Photo Agency*

The Motor at Modern Weddings

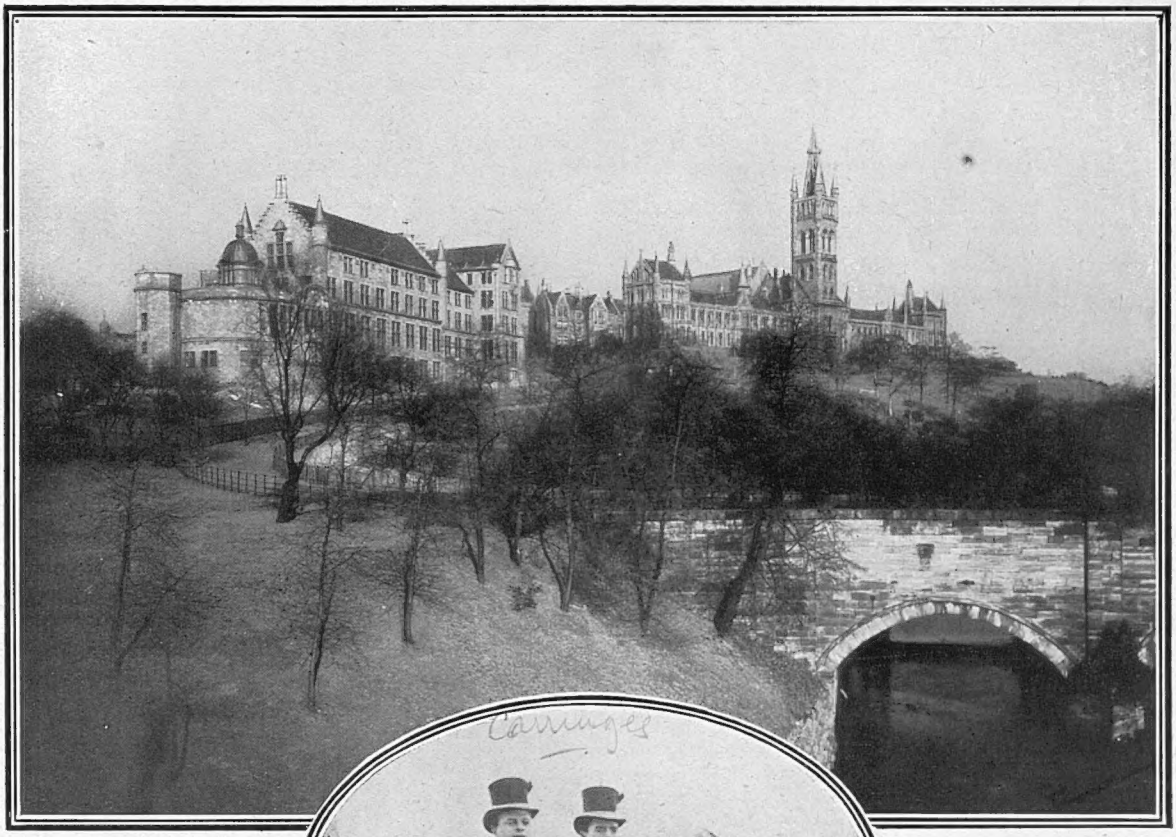
The custom of taking one's departure after the ceremony in a motor-car, in place of the old-fashioned horse vehicle, may now be taken as established. The above photograph was taken after the wedding of Mr. Douglas Gordon (of the Scots Guards) to Miss Violet Streatfeild at the Guards' Barracks, on Saturday, the 20th ult.

The Prince and Princess of Wales

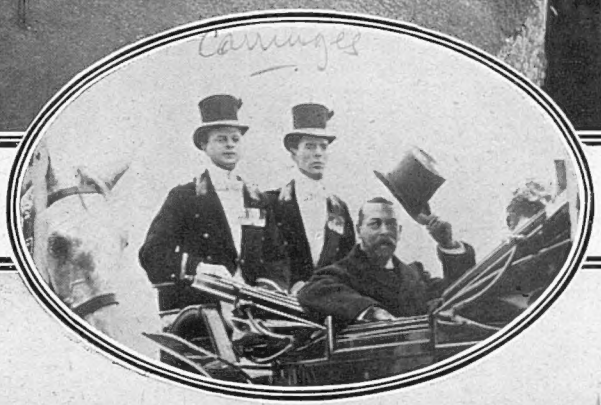
After a strenuous week of public inauguration, foundation-laying, visiting, and the receipt of degrees, the Prince and Princess of Wales are back at Marlborough House for the season, and to-day the Prince accompanies Prince Edward to Osborne, and will be present at the Naval display in the Solent on Friday. Their visit to Scotland was a great success in every way. They were enthusiastically welcomed, and no mayoral troubles, such as marred one of their recent visits, were allowed to disturb the harmony of the proceedings. Lord Kelvin, to whom his Royal Highness gracefully alluded as the "aged and revered Chancellor to whose labours and research, and investigation . . . Glasgow is so greatly indebted," conferred on their Royal Highnesses the degree of LL.D., and the Prince made an excellent and most appreciative speech in acknowledgment. The Prince, by the way, is probably the largest holder of University degrees in the United Kingdom, and this notwithstanding the fact that he never went to the 'Varsity. Certainly, the degree of LL.D. has been conferred on the Prince more often than upon the King. Both the Prince and Princess enjoyed their visit to Lord and Lady Blythswood, those most noted of entertainers. Neither of their Royal Highnesses, as most people know, care about country house visiting as a rule. The Princess hates being away from her children, and the Prince is never at his happiest "with company." Of late, however, the Prince has been in the best of health and spirits, just as the Princess seems to have taken on a new lease of good looks, and both, during the King's protracted absence from the capital, have stepped nobly into the breach in the way of entertaining and being entertained. Their party, at Marlborough House, to the Colonials was both brilliant and enjoyable, and in great part atoned for the unfortunate, though to the nation exceedingly valuable, absence of the King in Spain and Italy.

The Second City of the Empire

GLASGOW HONOURED BY PRINCELY PATRONAGE



Glasgow University, showing (on the left) the new wing opened by the Prince of Wales



The Prince of Wales on his way to open the new wing of the University

Photo *Dixon*

Photos] **Glasgow's Rialto: The busiest bridge in the City** *[Annan*

The Prince and Princess of Wales, Glasgow's Royal visitors last week, had a busy round of duties to perform. Besides receiving the Freedom of the City and the honorary degree of LL.D., they opened the new wing of the Glasgow University, laid the memorial stone of the reconstructed Royal Infirmary, and opened the new Clyde Bank Dock

The Visits of King Edward

The King's Absence

It is rumoured, by the way, that some little irritation has been felt among the Colonial Premiers at the King's absence from the country during the last few ultra-Imperial and ultra-festive weeks. True, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman reminded his fellow Premiers that His Majesty was "doing good work for the country abroad." Are not, however, think some of the Colonials, his brilliant diplomatic offices as much in demand to cement the *entente* with the great sister States over-seas as with their Majesties of Spain and Italy?

* * *

His Majesty as Diplomat

I feel sure, however, that, by this time, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman or Sir Edward Grey—Mr. Balfour or Lord Lansdowne — or all four, have managed to hint to the Premiers that the King's visits to the two Sovereigns in question have really been of vital moment to the country. There is little doubt that the diplomatic war with Germany, opened with the Kaiser's visit to Tangier, has been raging with alarming fury of late. A word in the ear of Alfonso, a friendly hint to Victor Emmanuel, delivered with all the King's unrivalled skill, will prove to have been of tremendous importance. Already a *ballon d'essai* has been sent up, in the shape of a rumoured *entente cordiale maritime* between England, France, Spain, and Italy, by which the command of the Mediterranean is assured, and by which Britain's naval background to the South is guaranteed against possible aggression. Really, it looks as though on the throne of Britain there sits a greater than Napoleon—a man who has secured by peaceful means what that man of iron failed finally to secure by bathing three Continents in blood, viz., the absolute predominance of his country in the councils of Europe.

Photo *Nops*

The Heroine of the Hour: A snapshot of the Queen of Spain

The Queen of Spain passing through the Castellana after the swearing-in of the new recruits to the Spanish Army, attended by Duchessa de San Carlos

* * *

The Younger Mr. Asquith—

Mr. Raymond Asquith, son of the Chancellor, whose engagement to Miss Katherine Horner is announced, is a true son of his father, especially academically. He, too, distinguished himself brilliantly (and in almost identical directions) at Oxford, and is now, like his father before him, a rising member of the Bar. Adaptability is evidently Mr. Asquith's motto, for at Balliol, where "erudite studies are coupled with an enjoyment of the grosser pleasures of this world," he was said by an observer to devote himself with equal ardour to bump suppers, bridge, anti-Clericalism, Liberal Leagueism, logic lectures, meetings of the "Souls," penning of "Ephemera Critica," etc.; and from this same acutely observant observer I learn that Mr. Asquith, jun., had a "magnificent *insouciance*" in matters sartorial. He wore a red tie constantly. He had been known to walk down the "High" in a motor-bicycling suit, and to appear, even in Bond Street, in flannels and shooting boots.

* * *

—And His Bride

His bride, Miss Katherine Horner, is quite cultivated, though, at the same time, a thorough sportswoman. Her father is well known in political circles and the owner of Mells Park, which has been in the Horner family for some five or six hundred years. Mrs. Horner is rather a character. She was a lovely girl, and sat constantly for Burne-Jones from childhood. After her marriage, she continued to sit for him, and then, later, her eldest girl, Cicely, the belle of the London season of 1903, sat for him also. Mrs. Horner believes in the Burne-Jones precept that one must see a beautiful picture, hear beautiful music, or read a beautiful book every day.

* * *

The Colonial Ladies

A singularly buoyant *joie de vivre*, a never-failing assurance, a suggestion of provincialism, and a certain grasp of politics and economics quite foreign to the Englishwoman, are the outstanding characteristics of the Colonial ladies now honouring us with a visit. One feels, though they do their best to hide the fact under the femininity of frocks and frills, that these ladies (those from Australia and New Zealand, at any rate) are of that advanced type—the possessors of the suffrage—which we in England still look upon with a species of nervous dread. Lady Laurier, of course, is rather one of our old-fashioned selves. The daughter of an old French-Canadian family, white

Opening of the Opera Season

haired, artistic, and with beautiful old-world manners, Lady Laurier brings with her none of those younger, more strenuous mannerisms which surround the ladies from the Antipodes. Lady Ward, the wife of the Premier of New Zealand, is her exact opposite. Tall, decided in manner and opinion, and firm in politics, she is just the wife one would expect to find at the side of a great, self-made statesman. Mrs. Deakin is also the typical Colonial woman, ultra-Australian, yet Cosmopolitan, and with wide interests and sympathies. Neither lady, of course, finds much to learn in poor, slow old England.

* * *

The Colonial Girls

Amongst the daughters of the Premiers now in England, Miss Botha, by virtue of her father's peculiar position, stands pre-eminent. Tall and fair, and with quite her own taste in dress, Miss Botha has few of the attributes we commonly associate with the Boer woman. Educated in Brussels, she is a good linguist and an accomplished musician, but is content, nevertheless, to spend most of her time when at home on her father's farm, assisting in the upbringing and education of his younger children. Miss Moor, the daughter of the Prime Minister of Natal, has also been educated in Europe. Typically Colonial in appearance, small and slight, and with a rather bronzed complexion, Miss Moor is possessed of her full share of that energy which is so notably a quality in our visitors from Greater Britain, and has already proved herself an efficient hostess—her dance at the Cecil last week to meet the officers of H.M.S. *Natal* having been most successful.

Photo *Beresford*

Engaged to Mr. Asquith's Son

Miss Katherine Horner, whose betrothal to Mr. Raymond Asquith, eldest son of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, is announced

* * *

The Opera Season

Last night—in the dark—the doors of Covent Garden Opera House opened for the season, *Das Rheingold* being chosen for the first performance. It is difficult, rather, to understand why this, the least interesting, as it is the shortest, of all the *Ring* dramas, should have been chosen for the first performance. The first night at the Opera is a recognised social rather than a recognised musical event. The *Rheingold*, under Dr. Richter, and in accordance with Bayreuth tradition, is, of course, played from beginning to end with the auditorium in complete darkness. There is no interval, and that old arch-bore Wotan holds the stage for periods as interminable and even more tedious than those in the *Walküre*. Socially, therefore, the Opera season did *not* commence last night. It awaits the coming of Melba and Caruso. Apart, however, from the social impossibilities of the *Ring*, one does not complain of its representation thus early in the season, for the sooner it is out of the way the greater the general satisfaction. Mme. Donalda, one of Lord Strathcona's many musical *protégées*, is to be leading Wagnerian lady this year, but there is one rôle in which, it appears, we are to see neither Mme. Donalda nor anyone else. *Tristan und Isolde* is entirely out of the operatic programme for the season, to the great disappointment of all music-lovers, who would willingly have dispensed with some of the *Ring* for this, the most beautiful and most impassioned of all Wagner's music-dramas.

* * *

Some Subscribers

On Wagner nights, when utter darkness, no intervals, and intense earnestness is the vogue, diamonds, tiaras, and "best" frocks are the exception. They appear in all their glory later on, when, with the lighter French and Italian operas, Melba and Caruso come on the scene. With so many Royal visitors to England, it is probable that there will be several Gala nights at the Opera. The King has taken the Royal box for the season, and subscribes, as usual, to the omnibus box, to which also the Russian and Austrian Ambassadors, the Portuguese Minister, Lord Crewe, Lord Pembroke, and Lord Farquhar are subscribers. Lord Ninian Crichton-Stuart is a new subscriber; the American Ambassador, the Duchess of Westminster, and the Duchess of Leeds have taken boxes; and, amongst opera-loving Americans, are, as usual, Lily, Duchess of Marlborough, the Countess of Yarmouth, Mrs. Adair, Lady Grey-Egerton (now Mrs. McCreery), and Mrs. Mackay. In the centre of the pit tier the accustomed holders again have their boxes, Lord Lonsdale and Lord Bath on one side and Mrs. Ronalds and Lady Derby on the other; while the Duke of Fife, Viscount Esher, Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, Mr. Paris Singer, Lady de Grey, Mr. A. de Rothschild, Mrs. Bradley-Martin, Sir Samuel Scott, Sir Basil Montgomery, and Lady Derby are the favoured *coterie* who hold their boxes for every night in the week right through the season.

* * *

The Polo Season

In another portion of this issue we discuss at length the polo prospects of the season. Suffice it to say, therefore, that in a few days those three beauty-spots of London—Hurlingham, Roehampton,

The Feminine Side of the Conference

Photos
Miss Ward (New Zealand)

Miss Botha (Transvaal)

Langfier, 23a, Old Bond Street
Miss Moor (Natal)

DAUGHTERS OF THREE COLONIAL PREMIERS

Photographed specially for
Mrs. Deakin (Australia)

"The Bystander"
Lady Laurier (Canada)

WIVES OF TWO COLONIAL PREMIERS

Our Mediterranean Colony En Fête

and Ranelagh, especially Ranelagh, with its lovely gardens—will be at the very zenith of their beauty and popularity. Improvements have been effected in all three club-houses; and from a pictorial point of view greater care than ever has been given to the gardens. At Ranelagh still another polo ground has been added to the already existing three. The promised visit of a team of Spanish grandees to compete with picked English teams at polo will give cause for much entertaining—for it is not every day, even at Ranelagh, that we have half a dozen foreign dukes in our midst. At Barn Elms, by the way, a concession has been made this season which has brought relief to many Society mothers. The rule which rigidly excludes nurses from accompanying their charges on "children's days" has been revoked. They are to be allowed in. Croquet, of course, with its improved rules and stricter regulations, will still be, next to polo, the most favoured feature of Ranelagh sport. The lawns have been most carefully nursed, and are this year better than ever.

* * *

The Surrey Golf Club

With the view of bringing the charms of their excellent course to the knowledge of the general golfing public, the executive of the Surrey Golf Club invited two giants of the game, Braid and Harry Vardon, to give an exhibition of their skill on Saturday last. The club-house and course are situated near Letherhead (I warn the printer that this is the correct old spelling of the name) on ground leased to the club by the owner, Mr. Ramsay, who is a keen golfer and member of the club. The committee are heartily to be congratulated on the excellent way they have laid out the course. The holes are all of good length, some, like the third, twelfth, and fifteenth, being exceptionally good and interesting. Possibly an improvement might be made by altering the sixteenth and seventeenth in such a way as to add to their length, both these holes being on the short side and of similar length. Braid and Vardon had a most interesting match, ending in the victory of the latter by one hole, the ups and downs of the contest being watched by a numerous throng of keen golfers of both sexes.

The King and Queen in Malta's Capital

March past of the Naval Battalions on the Marsa, Valetta. Note the loyal and enthusiastic crowd following the Royal carriage

Mr. Balfour at Letherhead

The Right Hon. A. J. Balfour was, unfortunately, unable to reach the links till the afternoon, when he enjoyed a foursome in company with Mr. G. E. Tabor, the captain of the club, Dr. Dove, and Mr. "Sleb" Smith, so well known to rowers in the old days. Whatever Mr. Balfour's views may be on the burning topic of "Preference," there is no doubt as to his convictions on one preference, to wit, that which he has for golf, and he loses no opportunity of converting this preference into practice. He was charmed with the course, and has become an honorary member of the club. Golfers who want a club and course within easy reach of London should turn their attention to the advantages of the Surrey Golf Club, which has still room for a few members.

Letherhead* for London Golfers

PROFESSIONAL MATCH AT THE SURREY GOLF CLUB

Mr. Balfour After a Poor Drive

The ex-Premier, on Saturday, played a foursome with Mr. G. E. Tabor, Dr. Dove, and Mr. "Sleb" Smith, and has been enrolled an hon. member of the Surrey Golf Club

After a Good Match

Braid and Vardon leaving the course, Vardon the victor by one hole

Photos] **Braid and Vardon Putting** ["*Graphic*" *Photo Agency*

A professional match, played between Braid and Vardon at Letherhead on Saturday, witnessed by a large crowd, has served to attract the notice of Londoners to the Surrey Golf Club's excellent course. Mr. Balfour was a guest of the club on Saturday, played a foursome on the links, and has become an honorary member of the club

* *The correct old spelling of the name*

Do Benefits Benefit?

The Santley Concert

Lord Kilmorey, in his untiring efforts to arrange a really satisfactory jubilee benefit for Mr. Santley at the Albert Hall to-day, has succeeded in getting together a wonderful collection of artists. Mme. Suzanne Adams, Miss Ada Crossley, Herr Fritz Kreisler, Mr. Ben Davies, and M. Edouard de Reszke are amongst them, and, of course Mr. Santley himself will take part. At this concert, therefore, those who have bought tickets will have the double satisfaction of knowing that they are doing Mr. Santley a good turn by contributing to his jubilee gift, and, at the same time, are able to enjoy an exceptionally good concert. Mr. Santley has, in the course of his lengthy career, given so much pleasure to others by his beautiful voice, that everyone hopes, I am sure, that the results of this benefit will be of permanent service to him. To the man in the street, however, it is a little difficult to see clearly the advantages, from the point of view of the general good, of this system of benefit concerts. A great artist like Mr. Santley must, for very many years, have drawn enormous fees, and laid up for himself considerable treasure on earth. He cannot, of course, be in need of charity, but it is on charitable grounds, when a benefit is in question, that one is asked to take tickets. Such benefits, therefore, should surely be reserved for those struggling artists who have not been so fortunate as Mr. Santley. These should have, if we were a musical nation, a greater call on our philanthropy than the highly successful and highly paid favourites of many years' standing. English people are none too generous in their support of music, and if they give it to the one, they withhold from the other.

Photo *Histed*

Mr. Charles Santley

Who has just celebrated his jubilee as a singer. A benefit concert on his behalf is being held to-day (Wednesday) at the Albert Hall

* * *

A New Motoring Club

It is a sign of the times that a second club, representative of the motoring interest, has been formed in the Metropolis. That it supplies a want I do not doubt. Motorists, especially those living in the country and coming often into Town, have long felt that something club-like—less formal and less official than the Royal Automobile, yet more devoted to their interests than the ordinary social club—would be eagerly welcomed by a large proportion of the motoring fraternity. The Motor Club is the result. Its premises consist of that large corner building at the Leicester Square end of Coventry Street, which has been for so long a well-known London landmark. Formerly the Lyric, founded with very distinguished support by the late Lord Londesborough some twenty years ago, it became successively the Prince of Wales's, the New Lyric, and the Walsingham, some of the members of which last dissociated themselves from the club on account of a difference of opinion as to the qualification of candidates for election.

A Re-discovered Art Treasure

This portrait of Canova, the famous Italian sculptor, by Lawrence, of which all trace had been lost, has recently been discovered in an excellent state of preservation in the house of a Countess near Bologna, which was being redecorated by Messrs. J. S. Henry, of St. James's Street (at whose showrooms the picture is now on view)

* * *

The Club's Aims

Important structural alterations and many improvements have made of the new Motor Club a delightful *pied-à-terre*. Its committee have declared that, beyond endeavouring to make its members extremely comfortable in "the heart of automobile London," the club has no special mission in life. The theatre—the Sunday entertainments in which have been a feature of past clubs on these same premises—is to remain a prominent attraction. Lectures on subjects interesting to motorists and other sportsmen will be given from time to time, but the politics of motoring will be left to those institutions which already exist for dealing with them. The subscription is reasonable, and there is, at present, no entrance fee. Doubtless, therefore, there will soon be an enviably long members' and waiting members' list.

The Cult of the Motor Club

THE NEW RENDEZVOUS IN COVENTRY STREET

The Exterior of the New Motor Club

The Entrance Hall

The fine building at the corner of Coventry Street, between Leicester Square and Piccadilly Circus, now to become the home of the Motor Club, was originally occupied by the Lyric Club, and latterly the Walsingham Club. Important structural alterations and many improvements have been made in the building, and, being situated in the heart of automobile London, it is bound to become the favourite rendezvous of the motoring fraternity

The Theatre of the Club, also used as a smoking and writing room

Though the Club is to be sacred to automobilism, the familiar theatre, which has been the scene of so many interesting productions, is to remain one of its chief attractions, Sunday concerts, lectures, etc., being permanent institutions

RACING NOTIONS

"THE GUINEAS." By "CARBINE."

Splendid Velocity

The racing public knows how to appreciate a good performance, and it sent up a lusty cheer when Velocity won the City and Suburban in such remarkable style. Even the supporters of Larino—and there were many of us—were ready to acknowledge the merit of the achievement. Mrs. H. V. Jackson is a lucky lady to possess such a champion. Some time ago she wanted to sell the horse, and it was fortunate for her that nobody would bid up to the reserve of 8,000 guineas. In fact, that price was laughed at as ridiculously high. But Mrs. Jackson has the laugh on her side now. The winner of the "City" is a horse in a thousand, and there cannot be very much wrong with the British Turf when we produce such grand thoroughbreds as Velocity and Polymelus. Which is the better of the two? Polymelus must be on their Cambridgeshire form. But if the pair should meet in the Jubilee Handicap on May 11, Velocity may be as well backed as the other, so grandly did he shape last week.

Jubilee Prospects

What a race this Jubilee promises to be! What a memorable event were Polymelus, Velocity, Keystone II., Malua, Polar Star, and Orwell all to be started, as well as the Russian horse, Hammurabi! It is too much to hope to see all these cracks at Kempton Park, but if only the two top-weights are there the race will be worth a day's journey to see. Polar Star is reckoned a certain starter, and so convincingly did this colt win all his races last season that the probability is that he will be made favourite. We shall see him at Newmarket this week, and his owner does not worry about the penalty which Polar Star is expected to incur, for that will enable the unbeaten three-year-old to be ridden at Kempton by Lynham.

The Chester Cup

This historic race is to be run on the 8th inst., and I must say that Turbine promises well on his running at Epsom, where he was only just beaten by Father Blind. If called upon to make a selection now, I should couple Turbine with Bridge of Canny, who is by no means out of it, despite his big weight. But this, as well as the Jubilee, can be dealt with better next week. Father Blind's success in the Great Metropolitan Stakes was a regular nightmare to backers, and there were scores of "bookies" who never laid him for a shilling. Sandown Park was a pleasant wind-up to last week's racing in the South, and, after the downfall of Larino, I was glad to see the success, at nice odds, of Pendule, our selection for the Stud Produce Stakes.

Slieve Gallion and the Two Thousand

I suppose it is of no use looking for anything to beat Slieve Gallion in the first of the classic races. All Black is reckoned to be a danger, and if you look into his two-year-old form you will find it exceedingly respectable. But the class in which he ran was different from Slieve Gallion's. Then we are warned of Bezonian. Here, again, we have passable form. But why shouldn't the favourite beat him just as easily as he did in the Champagne Stakes? In other words, there is not, on form, the slightest justification for backing Bezonian to beat Captain Greer's colt. And the same must be said of the other probable starters. Dusty Miller would give interest to the race, but at Kingsclere they don't think he can beat the favourite, and so they are reserving him for Chester, where he will probably win the Vase next Tuesday. Whatever **Slieve Gallion** may do when he appears on the longer course at Epsom, it is certain that he is a great colt over the Rowley Mile, and it will be a tremendous surprise if he is beaten to-day. For a place investment, Bezonian may be recommended.

The One Thousand Guineas

It seems likely that Orwell will be made favourite for the One Thousand; but this is a much more open affair than the other, and there are several other fillies worthy of consideration. That Orwell comes out best on last season's form cannot be denied; but she was not seen out after August 22, and some of the others, in the meantime, may have "come on" in the way youngsters, particularly fillies, often do. Witch Elm, for instance, did well towards the end of the season, and I like this one for the game way in which she fought out her races. I am also an admirer of Silver Heeled, a charming filly. At Newmarket they think well of the King's filly, Victoria, while Lord Derby has a chance with Altitude. My selection is **Witch Elm,** who is worth supporting both ways, and I expect to see Orwell finish nearest to her.

Other Newmarket Races

Regarding other events at the Newmarket Meeting, I doubt whether anything will be found to beat **St. Elf** for the Two-Year-Old Plate on Thursday. Polar Star is engaged for both the March Stakes and the Chippenham Plate, but it is understood that the latter will be his race. The May Plate on Friday may be won by **Cinderello.**

Spring Racing Begins

NOTED ENTHUSIASTS AT EPSOM

(1)

(2)

(3)

(4)

(1) Prince Christian, the only member o. the Royal Family present

(2) Lord Cholmondeley (on the left) and Mr. A. Saddler, Junr.

(3) Lord Westbury talking to his jockey

(4) Two Noble Owners: Lord Rosebery and Lord Coventry

Although Tuesday, the first day of the Epsom Spring Meeting, was somewhat dull and the attendance small, the success of the Meeting was assured by the magnificent weather and record crowds which favoured the City and Suburban on Wednesday. The great race was won by Mrs. H. V. Jackson's Velocity

The PLAYHOUSES

By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

APOLLO THEATRE

"Tom Jones"

Reams of abuse have been written upon comic-opera librettos. One unfortunate "book"-maker after another has been ridiculed for his stale jokes, his thin plots, and his hackneyed characters. Messrs. A. M. Thompson and Robert Courtneidge, as though determined to silence criticism, have calmly adapted for the lyric stage one of the great English novels. The results are curious. Their "book" is much better than the average. But it is such a long way after Fielding that no one dreams of accusing these enterprising stage craftsmen of an appalling literary crime. In fact, one is inclined to chuckle rather at their originality in borrowing the names of Fielding's characters instead of compiling a new list. But, although Miss Ruth Vincent's rôle is no more Sophia Western than Cleopatra; Mr. Hayden Coffin's no more Tom Jones than Alexander; and Mr. Rolyat's no more Partridge than Ahasuerus, yet there is a very distinct flavour of the original in Mr. Ambrose Manning's Squire Western. If "Tom Jones" were seriously adapted for the stage, I do not see how Mr. Manning could be required to alter his present characterisation by a hair's breadth. He conjures up for us a very fair likeness of the truculent, explosive, domineering, hard-swearing, hard-riding, old country sportsman in Fielding's pages.

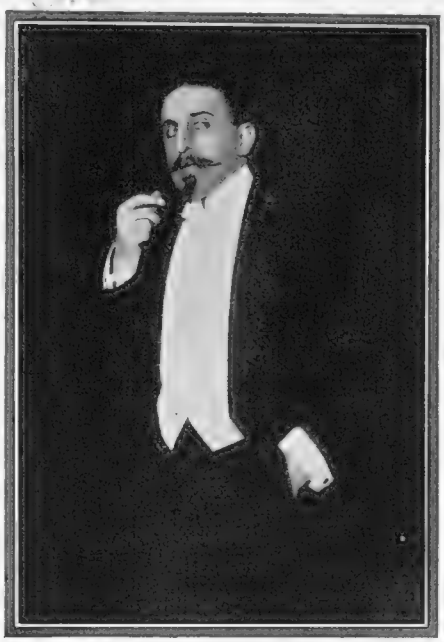


Photo *View and Portrait Supply Co.*

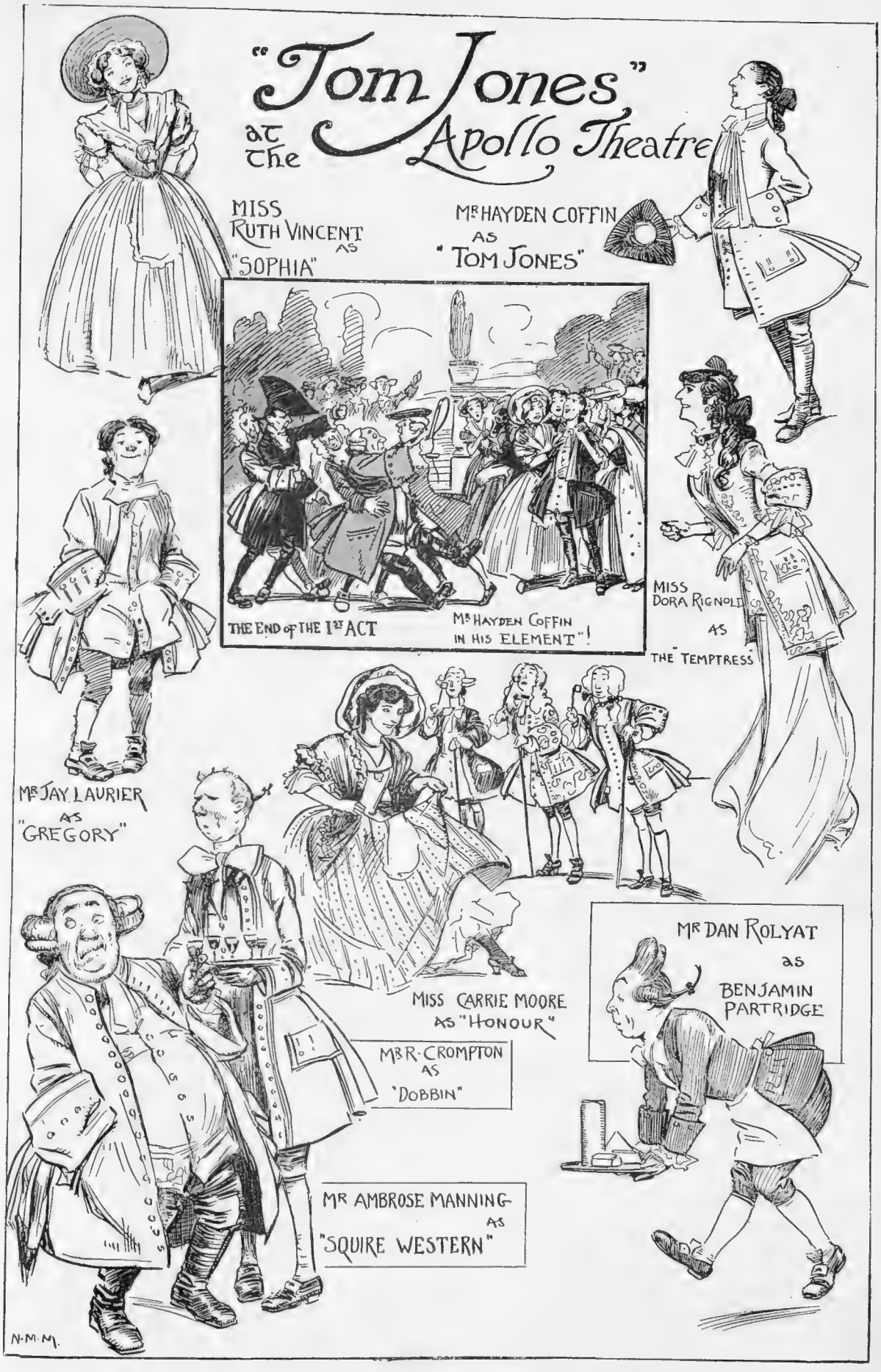
Mr. Herbert Grimwood

Now playing the part of Ivan Lazulie, the Russian journalist, in *The Red Lamp* at His Majesty's

Mr. Manning and the Music

In doing so, Mr. Manning is, of course, out of the picture. But he has the music with him. Mr. German's airs are, like Mr. Manning, in the period. They are the best things in the new comic opera. And here I will spring a paradox. If Messrs. Thompson and Courtneidge had written a better "book," it would have been a worse. If they had stuck more closely to Fielding they would have made it impossible for Mr. Dan Rolyat to breathe the atmosphere of their libretto. In a real Tom Jones comic opera, Mr. Rolyat would not have a pet leech named Lizzie; nor, upon the loss of that leech, would he run round the stage calling it by name. Had Mr. Rolyat done these things in a genuine Tom Jones comic opera, we should have left the theatre in order to hide our tears. Now, Mr. Rolyat, with the wonderful pantomine of his legs, is going to convulse large audiences at the Apollo Theatre for many an evening to come. So the librettists can shake hands upon having avoided the dangerous point where the artistic begins to encroach upon the commercial. Upon Mr. German's music it is difficult for one much saddened by musical comedies to dilate without rapture. It strikes a high level of excellence, and never sinks below it. It is the kind of music in which fresh beauties are found at every successive time of hearing. It is music we want to hear again. And this desire for a closer acquaintance is as much a test of good music as of a good book. The orchestration is the work of a scholar in a gay mood.

Concerning the Players

The cast is as effective on the boards as it is on paper. Mr. Hayden Coffin returns with all his old charm, and, if possible, in better voice than ever. Mr. Coffin is about as painstaking an artist as there is on the English stage. Dress him up as a lieutenant in an inane musical comedy, and he will work as conscientiously as though the rôle and the songs that fall to his lot were worthy of his powers. He always puts his best into his work, however meagre the opportunities afforded him. Mr. Coffin is rewarded this time with a much better rôle than usually falls to his lot. At the same time, he is confronted with one ridiculous situation, and never flinches. Among the most difficult songs now being sung upon the London stage is the measure which sets forth the pathetic case of the "Foundling Boy." That song is so egregiously maudlin as to strike terror in the heart of the bravest singer. The artist must either dominate the song or be crushed beneath it. Mr. Coffin comes through the ordeal with flying colours. In the sporting world, a man who always puts his last ounce into the task before him, who constantly snatches victory in the very teeth of defeat, who

DRAWN BY OUR IRRESPONSIBLE ARTIST, NORMAN MORROW

recognises every move in the game except the move which spells defeat for him — such a man is the idol of the sporting world. Mr. Coffin is such a man on the stage. But a sporting crowd is much quicker to detect good work than a theatrical audience. An actor may, in his line, have just the qualifications which go to the making of a celebrated cricketer. Rarely does he obtain credit for them. Miss Ruth Vincent's well-trained voice is a great asset to her rendering of Sophia Western, but she might put a little more animation into her acting. Of Mr. Rolyat I have spoken. He raises a very storm of laughter. He fills the stage with his comicalities. But he must not be allowed still further to expand.

LYRIC THEATRE

"Clancarty"

Recently we have been given the opportunity of judging how a play has survived the wear of ten years. I refer to Mr. H. A. Jones's *The Liars*, at the Lyric Theatre. Mr. Waller has revived a play which dates as far back as the "'seventies." Of the two plays Tom Taylor's better stands the wear of time. For *Clancarty* is cast in the days of William of Orange, and, being historical, stands still; while Mr. Jones's play is concerned with the men and women of our own generation, to whom ten years represents a complete change of fashion.

So the curious anomaly arises that *The Liars*, with never an aside nor a soliloquy, bears traces of age; while *Clancarty*, sprinkled with both asides and soliloquies, appears so fresh that a few misguided enthusiasts in the gallery call for "Author."

The play is historical melodrama, written by a man with a strong literary sense. There is grace, beauty, and balance in the dialogue. Some of the scenes, notably a charming love scene between the Clancartys, married as boy and girl and romantically reunited when man and woman, are written in such simple, yet eloquent, language, that by contrast one is inclined to cavil at the grandiloquent, almost high-falutin', note struck by modern playwrights when they essay the romantic historical.

The revival was most enthusiastically received. To tell the truth, it was something of a surprise to many (among them myself) to be introduced to such a sound acting play, which has lain on the shelf for so many years. The play provides Mr. Waller and Miss Millard with eminently suitable parts, and gives a great opportunity to Mr. Mackintosh to show what great effects a sound actor can produce with an emotional character part. His William III. is a picturesque and moving performance. The test of the actor came when King William evokes the memory of his dead wife, Mary. Mr. Mackintosh rose to the occasion.

WALDORF THEATRE

It would be fair neither to Mr. E. H. Sothern nor to Miss Julia Marlowe to judge them by their performances in *The Sunken Bell*. The English version of Hauptmann's poem is tedious to the torture point. So I postpone record of our welcome visitors until next week.

E. C. S.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

A Dramatic Finale: The last scene in "John Glayde's Honour"

JOHN GLAYDE (Mr. George Alexander) to TREVOR LERODE (Mr. Matheson Lang): "Take her, and help her to lie and betray no more." This dramatic finale to Mr. Sutro's play has aroused a storm of discussion. The piece's popularity, however, shows no sign of diminishing, and still continues to draw crowded audiences at the St. James's Theatre

Shakespeare Festival at Stratford-on-Avon

Miss Leah Hanman Mr. George Buchanan Mr. Murray Carrington Mr. George R. Weir Miss Regina Lawrence
Mr. E. A. Warburton Mr. F. R. Benson Mr Clarence Derwent Mr. F. G. Worlock

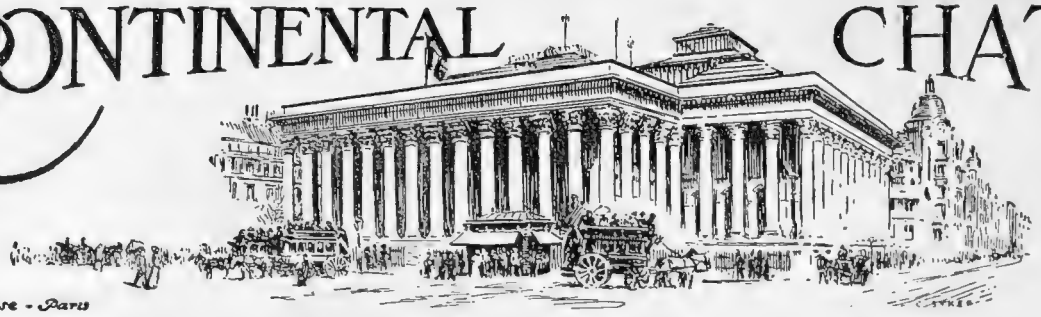
Mr. F. R. Benson's Company in "Love's Labour Lost"

Photos] Mrs. F. R. Benson Mr. E. A. Warburton *[Ellis and Walery*

An Amusing Scene from Wycherley's "Country Girl"

Wycherley's play is not often performed in London, but many playgoers will recollect the delightful performance of Miss Ada Rehan in the title-rôle. Some three years ago an opera called *Dolly Varden*, based on the play, was performed at the Avenue Theatre. Those who saw it will not soon forget Miss Mabelle Gilman's most amusing rendering of the famous letter-writing scene, where the husband of the country girl stands over her and forces her to write to order

CONTINENTAL CHAT



La Bourse - Paris

An Amusing Strike

The Paris waiters evidently had the charitable intention of amusing us when they started their strike, and everyone is enjoying the fun immensely. People who never frequent a café from one year's end to the other—the fashionable world—after a morning in the Bois, afternoon calls, and dull dinner parties, go to the cafés to see what is going on. The other evening several ladies came with a well-known Count, a person who has this year been a little more before the public eye than he cared to be; but as there was no one to serve them, the gallant Count was obliged to perform the duties of waiter. Unfortunately, we have been deprived of the pleasure of sitting on the *terrasses* of the Café de la Paix, where English people delight to drink a harmless *bock*, but otherwise this strike has given us most delightful moments. Last night, on our way home, we met one of the smartest waiters of the Café Riche, and asked him why he had gone on strike. "*Mon Dieu*," he replied, "I haven't the slightest idea.' Following the example of his colleagues, he had gone on strike first, and intended to find out the reason afterwards. "Besides," he added, "I am a bachelor, I can afford it."

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What of France's Future?

An influential Royalist tells me his party will not very much longer submit to this *régime* of strikes, which is boring and degrading to a degree. He, for one, is doing his utmost to urge his fellow-countrymen to forget Society and bridge, and to set themselves to raise France from the depths to which the Clemenceau Government has dragged her. Education is evidently wasted on the people of France, in spite of the millions that have been spent on it ever since the Republic began. No nation has had greater facilities offered for acquiring learning and good taste; and yet, at present, no people could be more uncouth, no Government less refined. The most interesting of countries must now record chapters of history which are an insult to her past. Clemenceau seems incapable of understanding the very great peril in which his country stands—he seems terrified of the general labour federation, and absolutely incapable of taking any measures to crush it. All his energies are given to sifting out the Montagnini documents, of which everyone is bored to death. He spends the greater part of his day writing—the world knows not what; but he is evidently expecting his effusions to fall into the hands of some unscrupulous Government and be published. It appears he is taking the greatest care with his composition and punctuation, and the papers have already given him the nickname of "Monsieur de Sevigné." But to return to my Royalist friend. He will not tell me too many of his plans, but he is convinced that the Republic is doomed, and that after all a Constitutional Monarchy is the only possible Government for France. Had the Duke of Orléans any of the stamina of King Edward, long ago he would have been king.

Photo *Guigoni and Bossi*

Disappointed of Two Thrones

H.R.H. the Duchess d'Aosta (Princess Hélène d'Orléans), who has on two occasions been near to the rank of presumptive Queen. On one occasion she was designated for the hand of the late Duke of Clarence; and on another, as the wife of the Italian heir-presumptive, she enjoyed the prospect of being Queen of Italy—to be disappointed, however, by the birth of the little Prince of Piedmont

* * *

The King's Movements

King Edward is one of the few lucky persons who can combine business with pleasure. He takes one of the most delightful trips in Italy, a country teeming with romance and legend, along perhaps the most classical coast-line in the world, and he receives the approval of at least three great Powers. His tour has been most successful; and why papers should try to make out that it is of no political significance is beyond comprehension.

Nothing can better direct the currents of public opinion than these meetings of Constitutional monarchs, confident of the loyalty of their people. After the recent interchange of Royal courtesies, there can be no further dispute as to Mediterranean rights, and still less chance of war. The Italian people are delighted at the Royal visit—King Edward is as popular in Italy as in France—and the European Press in general is most enthusiastic, with the exception of that of Germany. The poor Kaiser finds himself the political exile of Europe. No one understands him but himself, and yet, perhaps, no one has better intentions. He never loses an opportunity of publicly lauding France, and quite recently two great composers, Saint-Saëns and Massenet, have returned from Berlin delighted with their reception. One of them declares that the Emperor is absolutely French in his manners. He has all the quickness and vivacity of the Latin races, none of the phlegmatic

The Waiters' Strike in Paris: The deserted "terrasses" of the Café de la Paix

During the waiters' strike at the popular Café de la Paix, the unusual spectacle was witnessed by *boulevardiers* of empty chairs and an air of desertion. Passers-by used the inviting chairs of the café as seats, and enjoyed a temporary freedom from the usually indefatigable *garçon*

temperament of the German, and had not the atrocities of 1870 taken place, no Frenchman could have desired a better Emperor.

* * *

The Duchess d'Aosta

At Naples our King was entertained by the Duchess d'Aosta—that charming lady who was for so long the idol of the French Royalists, and who to-day has won the affection of all Italy. As Princess Hélène d'Orléans she was well known in England, and, in spite of her religion, most people desired her union with the Duke of Clarence. The Queen, it is said, particularly wished for her as a daughter-in-law, but Parliament remained firm; and though all Europe was moved by the touching love story, Princess Hélène had to sacrifice herself for her religion. The Duke of Clarence died with her name on his lips, while she, with the consolation of her religion to help her, became resigned to her fate. I always thought that Parliament was particularly harsh towards this poor Princess. It seems to me she might have been allowed to retain her religion, provided only that the children were brought up in the faith of their fathers. After all, we are not living in a fanatical country like Spain. Princess Hélène's elder sister married the King of Portugal, and it was at her marriage that the Prince of Savoy met the present Duchess, and vowed he would have her as a daughter-in-law.

A Popular Princess

It was in 1897 that Princess Hélène went to Italy as the Duchess d'Aosta. She seems to be by nature exactly suited to her new country. She has youth and beauty, and the heart of the people went out at once to the exiled Princess of France. The night before her arrival, crowds waited all night in the Piazza of St. Mark in order to give her an enthusiastic welcome and carry her in triumph to her new home. Often she is to be seen walking with Queen Margherita, attended only by one gentleman-in-waiting. At the Lido, too, where they often go together, they stroll along the sands unaccompanied, exchanging mutual confidences, gazing at the glorious sunsets reflected in the calm waters of the lagoon. Her familiar figure, clad as a rule in white serge, is known to every fisherman along the coast. The Cisterna Palace—her home in Turin—is considered one of the finest residences in Italy, and when there the Princess's time is fully occupied. She rises early, attends to her voluminous correspondence, reads, and receives visitors in the morning, being accessible to anyone in need of her advice. In the afternoon, if she is not riding, driving, or motoring, she is generally to be found in her garden, directing the gardeners or even assisting herself. Her two sons, the Princes Amédée and Aymon, generally accompany her on her riding expeditions on their little ponies. If Princess Hélène has derived good

Bottle-washers Turn Waiters

The Café Riche—that very familiar Boulevard resort—coped with the difficulty by turning on their bottle-washing staff as waiters

looks from her mother, the Comtesse de Paris, she has also inherited her passion for hunting. The Aosta hounds and stables are known throughout Italy, and very few people could be persuaded to forego an invitation to a meet at Veneria Reale, the Duke's hunting territory near Turin. Apropos of hunting, an American lady was once honoured with an invitation to join the Duke's hunting party, and the Duchess kindly offered her a mount. This she politely declined, saying she had brought her own horses with her. The day of the meet she appeared mounted on a handsome chestnut. Now, in Italy it is the custom for the huntsmen to set off to the strains of a military band, and the handsome chestnut, recalling the music he had learnt with great labour, started dancing! With the courtesy of the Italian race, not a single comment was heard—at least, until the unfortunate lady was out of ear-shot.

* * *

A Royal Philanthropist

It was a great grief to the Princess to be obliged, owing to illness, a few years ago, to leave Turin to settle in the warmer climate of Naples, but the hearty welcome extended to her enabled her to accustom herself speedily, and become attached to her new surroundings. In the poor of Naples she shows the keenest interest, and every week she takes her turn in serving out the soup in the soup kitchens inaugurated for their relief. Like her sister, the Queen of Portugal, she always had a taste for the study of medicine, and had she not married, she would have qualified as a doctor. After the eruption of Vesuvius she did gallant work amongst the sufferers, even staying all night in the hospital to help the nurses tend the wounded. Our King thoroughly enjoyed meeting the Duchess again, for he has a particular admiration, I am told, for the exiled Royal Family of France, although diplomacy forces him to pay homage to M. Fallières. In Italy, our King was attended chiefly by his Ambassador, Sir Edwin Egerton, who, by the way, is not such a diplomatic success as people imagine. People abroad laugh at our Diplomatic Service as a sinecure, for the King, they say, does all its work himself.

* * *

A Royal Lawsuit

An action is being brought against the King of Spain by his father's two illegitimate sons, one of whom bears a striking resemblance to Alfonso himself. The Sanz brothers seem to have elicited the sympathy of many members of Parisian Society, where their mother was well known. It appears that some years ago Alfonso XII. deposited considerable sums of money in a Paris bank for the use of these young men. The money has now disappeared. It was at first supposed — and then accepted as the truth — that part of this money had been taken to Greece by an absconding bank-clerk named Bolle. The money has in reality probably not been spent in Greece, as the brothers themselves are very extravagant. Each time they are short of money, which is a pretty frequent occurrence, they threaten the King of Spain with a lawsuit, and he, wishing to avoid a scandal, gives them the required sums. Now, however, his patience is exhausted; the Courts will be asked to decide the question.

Photo *Devitte*

Switzerland's One and Only Lady Advocate: Mlle. Nelly Favre, who is now practising at the Bar in Geneva

Mlle. Favre, who is only twenty-seven years of age, has already won more than a dozen cases, and is a masterly orator

Prospects of the Polo Season

AT HOME AND ABROAD

(Special Illustrated Supplement)

Photo *Rouch*

Tea at Ranelagh: A striking scene in the beautiful club grounds at Barn Elms

Polo at Home and Abroad

Prospects of the Season

A Bright Outlook

If we only have a fine summer there is every reason to anticipate a very successful polo season this year, prospects generally being of the brightest. The three big London clubs have issued exceptionally long and attractive programmes, and the element of novelty will be provided this year by the visit of two foreign teams. One of these is a Spanish side from Madrid, captained by that well-known Continental player the Marquis de Villavieja, who is no stranger to English polo grounds, for twelve years ago he brought to London a Spanish team. The sporting object of the trip was to play a French team a match for a special International Cup offered by the Ranelagh Club. It was the first time that foreign teams had ever played in England, and the result of the contest was the victory of the Spaniards.

International Polo

In Coronation year there were a good many players from abroad in London, and an International Tournament was held at Ranelagh, in which Argentine, Spanish, Indian, Californian, Scottish, and Ranelagh teams competed. The Spaniards, who again included the Marquis de Villavieja and his brother, M. de Escandon, made a bold bid for victory, and had rather hard luck in not winning, for they held the lead during the last quarter of an hour, and it was only in the last minute that Mr. Gill's Ranelagh team equalised. This necessitated an extra period, in which Ranelagh scored again and won. On the occasion of their present visit, the Marquis de Villavieja and his brother will be assisted by the Dukes of Alba, Santona, and Penaranda. It is probably the strongest Continental combination that could take the field at the present time. They will make a stay of about five weeks, and have had many matches arranged for them at Hurlingham, Ranelagh, and Roehampton, making their *début* at the last-named club on Wednesday, May 29.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The Earl of Harrington

A veteran polo player at the leading London clubs, and the donor of the Lords and Commons Cup at Ranelagh

Mr. Winston Churchill changing ponies at Ranelagh

Observe the pony's bandage over the eyes while being mounted. Mr. F. A. Gill, one of the Ranelagh polo managers, on the right

An Important "Confab" at Roehampton: Capt. E. D. Miller and his brother-in-law, Mr. P. W. Nickalls

RANDOM SNAPSHOTS OF POLO PERSONAGES

An All-Indian Team

Particular interest attaches to the Madrid team's match at Hurlingham, on June 1, for their opponents will be the all-native Indian team of the Maharajah of Bikanir, a great Rajput prince. It was a very happy thought to pit these two sides together, for the Marquis and the Maharajah are old opponents, Spanish and Indian teams captained by them having met in 1902 in the Ranelagh International Tournament already mentioned, when the natives were beaten by 6 goals to 4. Bikanir will also fight their old battles over again with the Royal Horse Guards. The last time that they met was at the historic Delhi Durbar Tournament in India, when the Blues were defeated by 5 goals to 2; this time they will try conclusions at Hurlingham on June 22, after the Champion Cup final. At home, Bikanir used evidently to be a strong team, for at the Durbar Tournament, in which the best polo talent of India competed, they beat the South of India Champions, the Golcondas, and reached the semi-final round. It has just been decided by the governing body to invite the Indian Polo Association to send three delegates each year to serve on the Hurlingham Polo Committee, and the seats for 1907 have been offered to Major R. St. C. Lecky, R.H.A. — the honorary secretary of the Association — Major J. Vaughan, D.S.O., 10th Hussars, and Major G. W. Hobson, 12th Lancers, who are all three coming home this season.

A Famous American Player

The Hurlingham rules are now in force all over the world, with the exception of the United States, the only real difference between the American Association's code and ours being their refusal to

Polo Patronesses—Royal and Noble

The Duchess of Westminster Presents Two Challenge Cups

On the left, to the Lords, at Ranelagh, on their victory over the Commons; on the right, to the Roehampton team, at Hurlingham

adopt the offside rule. Until they do this, the Americans will be handicapped in their International matches with us, for the conditions governing the Cup contest are that it must be played under the rules of the holders. Last year there was a rumour going the rounds that an American team was coming over this season to make another attempt for the Cup, which Mr. John Watson's team brought back to England twenty-one years ago, but once again the report has ended in disappointment. The presence over here this season of that very clever American player, Mr. Foxhall Keene, will, however, add greatly to the interest of the season, and his name has, consequently, been once more placed on the Hurlingham Recent Form List—a "polo roll of honour" of the leading players of the day. In America, Mr. Foxhall Keene, who excels at so many sports, is considered to have no superior at polo; and on the Association handicap list, which corresponds to our "black list," he was last year assessed, with Mr. Lawrence Waterbury and Mr. R. L. Agassiz, at the "top weight" of nine goals. Mr. Keene captained the American team which came over here in 1902, and also took part in the 1900 match, as well as in the inaugural match for the Cup at Newport in 1886.

The Princess of Wales, with the Earl of Ancaster, leaving Hurlingham after the Inter-Regimental final

The Game in the Army

The recent attempt to abolish Regimental polo came to nought, as was indeed only to be expected,

The Queen, at Hurlingham, presenting the Inter-Regimental Cup to the 20th Hussars

The Great Day of the P

Major F. Egerton Green (late 12th Lancers), the Manager of Hurlingham

THE INTER-REGIMENTAL FINAL MATCH: A GALLOP PAST T

Polo Season at Hurlingham

H: 11th HUSSARS v. 20th HUSSARS (Winners).
THE PAVILION BOARDS

Mr. Walter Buckmaster, Cap'ain of the famous team of Old Cantabs

The Economy of Self-Trained Ponies

Major-General D. Haig

The new President of the Army Polo Committee

considering that most of the senior and commanding officers are not only strongly in favour of the game, but in many cases have been players themselves. There is no necessity whatever for any inordinate expense in connection with polo, and the curtailment of all unnecessary expenditure is one of the main objects of the Army Polo Committee, which was established in 1905. Major-General Douglas Haig, who has just succeeded Major-General Baden-Powell in the presidency of that body, is a very well-known polo player. Formerly in the 7th Hussars, he helped them in their Inter-Regimental victories at Hurlingham in 1885 and 1886, and in India in 1891, and subsequently, when in command of the 17th Lancers, he played back for them, and led them to victory in the 1903 Inter-Regimental at Hurlingham.

Self-Trained Ponies

Major W. A. Tilney, whose portrait is also given, has been for some years a prominent member of the 17th Lancers' polo team. He played in the Inter-Regimental final just mentioned, and the following year he captained the 17th Lancers' team which won the tournament at Hurlingham for the second year in succession. It is hoped eventually that all the ponies played in the Inter-Regimental will be trained by the officers themselves. There is no doubt that polo would not be such an expensive game if players would only take the trouble to train their own ponies. As an instance of this it is worthy of note that the pony Lightning that Major Tilney used to ride regularly he bought as a four-year-old for £40. He trained her himself, rode her for seven seasons, and sold her, after winning the 1904 Inter-Regimental, for £250.

Major W. A. Tilney

Hon. Secretary of the Army Polo Committee, and Captain of the 17th Lancers' polo team

Improvements at Hurlingham

The management have been very busy at Hurlingham since the club closed last August, chief among the many improvements carried out by the firm of John Barker and Co. being the remodelling of the club-house from the designs of the well-known architect, Mr. E. Lutyens. The entrance-hall has been enlarged by the removal of the staircase, giving a fine hall 80 ft. long, and the stables, formerly rented by Mr. John Watson, have been demolished and a new west wing built; and there are now sixteen French windows, which will afford a welcome and much-needed means of entrance and exit, instead of the one doorway, where there used to be a sad block on busy afternoons. The courtyard has also been enlarged, and a fine ornamental iron grille built which will regulate the traffic, while additional dining accommodation has been provided. Besides the matches that have been arranged for the Spanish and Bikanir teams, the Hurlingham programme contains all the old features, the most popular among them being undoubtedly the Inter-Regimental Tournament, the final of which is the event of the polo season. The 11th Hussars and the 20th Hussars will probably fight out the final again,

At the Roehampton Club: Watching a match on the centre ground

Ranelagh and Roehampton Prospects

and their most formidable opponents will, I fancy, be the 8th Hussars. The mainstay of the 11th Hussars' team, Mr. M. L. Lakin, who played so brilliantly in the final last year, has been deservedly promoted to the Recent Form List. The 20th Hussars, who won the Soldiers' Polo Championship last time at their first attempt, will again have the assistance this season of Captain H. R. Lee, who has now recovered from the hunting accident which kept him out of the saddle for so long. Another tournament, which promises to be particularly interesting, is the Champion Cup, for Mr. Freake will be playing again this season, and so the favourite Old Cantabs' team will once more take the field.

Photo Mr. Foxhall Keene [*Boyer*

The well-known American sportsman and polo player, who captained the last American polo team, and who will be playing here again this year

The Outlook at Ranelagh

The large amount of polo played at the Ranelagh Club has led to the provision of yet another polo ground; and, in addition to its charming estate at Barn Elms, the club can now boast of being the only club in or near London with four polo grounds — I was almost writing, in England, but the four grounds of the exceptionally prosperous county club in the Blackmore Vale came to mind. The Blackmore Vale, by the way, have handed over their Country Clubs' Junior Championship Cup to the County Polo Association, who have made it a Junior County Cup, and Ranelagh have agreed to allow the semi-final and final ties to be played at the club. The "county week" thus inaugurated—for the final stages are to be decided simultaneously with the County Cup at Hurlingham—ought to do a lot of good to country polo, and the moderate player who gets so often shouldered aside by the cracks will now have a look in. Besides the possession of four grounds, Ranelagh can also claim to have more tournaments than any other club, no fewer than eight figuring on the club programme. One novelty this season will be the Points' Challenge Cup Tournament, which will run its course throughout the season, each of the nine competing teams having to play every other. Among the sides engaged will be Lord Huntingdon's Sharavogue team and the King's Dragoon Guards, who are shortly going out to India. The one-day Aldershot Cup Military Tournament is always a very popular affair at Ranelagh, as also will be the new Lords *v.* Commons match.

Roehampton Polo

If Roehampton has no clubhouse, like its two neighbours, it has, at any rate, polo of the very best; and those who maintain that "the play's the thing" can always be sure of having their wish gratified there. The Roehampton Club is the headquarters, of course, of the famous Rugby and Roehampton teams; and the Old Cantabs, whose familiar colours will be welcomed by everyone again this season, will also be playing a number of matches here. As

The Growing Popularity of Polo: Crowd at Hurlingham watching the historic England and America matches

Polo Abroad—Three Snapshots

Polo in Egypt: A game at the Ghezireh Club, Cairo

the Roehampton team has been broken up, the battle for the Championship ought to be very open, one of the keenest and most interesting indeed of recent years. Captain Herbert Wilson and Captain Hardress Lloyd have left the Roehampton team, and will play with their brothers-in-law, Mr. Aubrey Hastings and Mr. W. Bass, as the Woodpeckers, the combination that won the All-Ireland Open Cup last year. The Rugby team will, as usual, be made up from the three brothers Miller, Mr. Walter Jones, and Lord Shrewsbury. The new Roehampton and Old Cantabs' teams have already been mentioned, and besides these there will be a Ranelagh team and the Magpies. The latter side will be chosen from the Duke of Westminster, the Duke of Roxburghe, Captain S. F. Gosling, Major J. Vaughan, and Major G. W. Hobson (12th Lancers).

Mr. J. Strang
One of three brothers, well-known New Zealand players

Miscellaneous Matches

A new team of Old Wyckhamists, composed of the four brothers Weatherby, will make their *début* as a team at Roehampton next Saturday. The Public Schools' Cup, the first tournament of the Roehampton season, begins on May 20, and the Junior Championship, which always attracts an exceptionally big entry, will take place during the last week in June. One of the most interesting matches of the whole polo season, and one which is sure to draw a big crowd to Roehampton, will be the match between the 1906 Club team and a Rest of England side. There will also be a great match on May 25 between Rugby and the Rest of England. There is to be winter polo on the Riviera next year, and the committee of the polo club that has been formed at Cannes have made sure of the success of the new venture by giving the management to Captain E. D. Miller, who already runs the polo at Roehampton, Rugby, and Ostend.

L. V. L. SIMMONDS.

It is a proof of the excellent quality of the sticks and balls that they supply that the name of Salter is known wherever polo is played, and that their specialities are used by most of the principal clubs and players throughout the world. Messrs. Salter and Son now have at Aldershot the largest and best stock of canes, heads, and balls in the world, and the estimation in which their sticks are held by the leading players is shown by the fact that all the English International team used Salter's sticks in the last series of matches against the Americans. The firm have also been specially appointed to supply the Hurlingham and Ranelagh Clubs with polo balls for the coming season.

Photo *Halftones, Limited*

Polo in Australia: The final match for the Talbot Cup, between Caramut (winners) and Camperdown

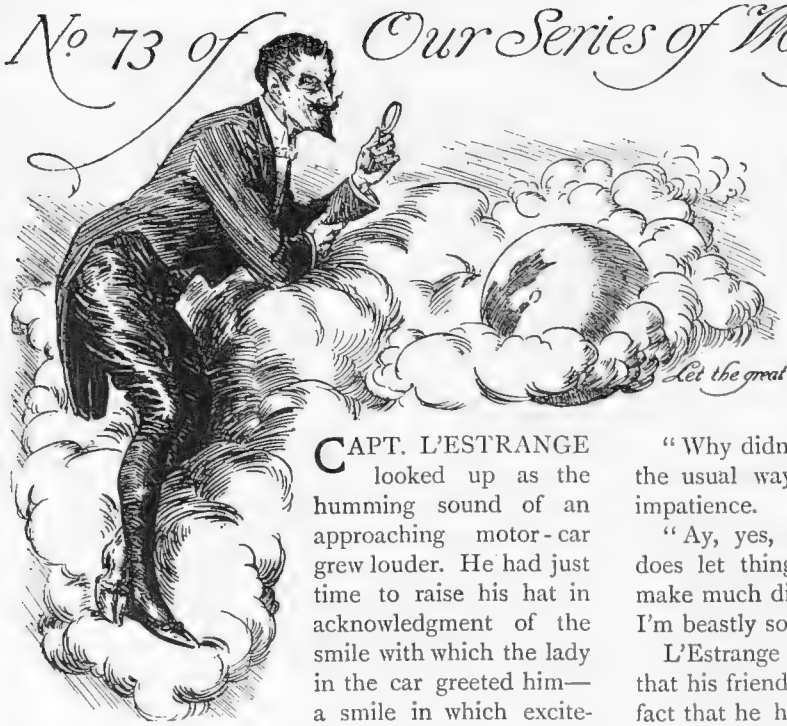
Mendacious Mrs. Warder

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

Miss Marie Tempest and Mr. Dion Boucicault, now playing in "The Truth" at the Comedy

Miss Tempest, in the rôle of the untruthful wife, Becky Warder, increases her already great reputation as a *comedienne*, while those who still regret her departure from the lyric stage will be consoled to hear that in the third act of *The Truth* she sings a French song, with all her old tone, charm, and expression

No. 73 of Our Series of Worldly Short Stories



A Modern Othello

By

J. SACKVILLE MARTIN

Let the great book of the world be your principal study—Chesterfield

CAPT. L'ESTRANGE looked up as the humming sound of an approaching motor-car grew louder. He had just time to raise his hat in acknowledgment of the smile with which the lady in the car greeted him—a smile in which excitement mingled with a touch of defiance. He had time also to acknowledge the lifted hand of the driver; and then the car passed on and he stood staring after it, with a little frown upon his forehead.

"She will be getting herself talked about with that young cub," he said to himself. "I shall have to interfere."

He had every right to do so; for the woman was his wife.

He strolled towards his club.

In the smoking-room he ordered a whisky and soda, and sat down in a comfortable chair in the large bow window. There were a few other occupants of the room, but they were gathered into two or three small groups conversing together in low tones. As he looked across at the nearest group, the conversation ceased and the members forming it broke up. Two of them left the room, a third strolled towards the fireplace and took up a paper, and the fourth and last, a youngish man, with an eyeglass and a drooping, fair moustache, came directly towards him.

The Captain shrugged his shoulders imperceptibly. He was not in the mood for company, and Gus Clifton was a bore. But, short of positive rudeness, there was no escape; and the Captain was never rude. He resigned himself to the ordeal, and watched the newcomer select a chair beside him.

"Bad thing this about Harris," said Clifton, lowering his voice confidentially, and tugging at the points of his moustache.

"What's the matter? I hadn't heard," said L'Estrange, with an assumption of interest.

"You haven't heard? My dear chap! where have you been?" exclaimed Clifton, brightening at the prospect of imparting scandal. "His wife has left him. Gone to Paris with Bertie Danvers. Fact, I assure you. Left a note saying he might take what steps he pleased. He was in here this morning. Told it to Charlie Harrison. Awfully cut up, I believe."

"Why didn't he advertise it on the hoardings in the usual way?" said L'Estrange, with a touch of impatience.

"Ay, yes, exactly," replied his friend; "Charlie does let things slip a bit. But, after all, it doesn't make much difference. Everyone will know it soon. I'm beastly sorry for the poor devil, you know."

L'Estrange looked uncomfortable. He realised that his friend's sorrow was quite overbalanced by the fact that he had news to impart. The thought that he might find himself in the position of being pitied by such creatures struck him as unbearable, and affected him with a certain contempt for the man who had been so ready to wear his heart on his sleeve.

"It's his own fault, after all," he said. "He brought it on himself."

"Oh, but there you are wrong, I assure you, my dear fellow," exclaimed Gus. "Why, he couldn't have done more than he did. He spoke to his wife about the thing more than once. He went to Danvers himself and pointed out to him that he wasn't doing the straight thing. And, finally, he had to forbid him the house. Then this happened. I suppose it had to come. But I don't see that he could have done any more myself."

"No," agreed L'Estrange with a slight smile; "he seems to have been pretty energetic."

Mr. Clifton looked at him dubiously. He scented a certain disparagement of his opinions in the other's tone. It evoked a tendency to malice on his part, and prompted his next remark.

"By the way," he said, "I think I saw your wife in the Park this afternoon. Driving with young Harvey, wasn't she?"

"Yes," replied L'Estrange imperturbably; "she is fond of motoring. I haven't a car myself, so it's lucky he is willing to take her out now and then. They are very old friends. Knew each other when they were children, and all that sort of thing."

He told the lie deliberately and impassively. Evidently Elsie *was* getting herself talked about. He determined to put his foot down. Solicitude from Gus and his kind was not for him. He turned the conversation upon indifferent topics, and shortly afterwards he left the club.

When he reached his flat and let himself in, he was aware of voices coming from the tiny drawing-room. He recognised them at once as he walked towards the door. His wife, a pretty little brunette, stood up quickly on his entrance, lifting her tea-cup

(*Continued on page 248*)

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Actress, Singer, and Harpist

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

Miss Denise Orme

Now playing in the *Lady Dandies* at Daly's Theatre. Is not merely a charming actress, but an accomplished singer and player on the harp and 'cello. Her engagement to Baron Ernsthausen has been recently announced

(Continued from page 246)

with a laugh that was obviously assumed to cover a slight confusion. Young Harvey, a fair-haired lad of twenty-five, kept his seat, looking up awkwardly, and flushing to the roots of his hair. L'Estrange came forward as though he had noticed nothing unusual.

"You are just in time," said his wife, brightly.

"In time?" he said, nonchalantly. "For what?"

"For a cup of tea," she replied, with a side long glance at the boy, which seemed to intimate an understanding.

L'Estrange accepted the tea and sat down. His presence brought restraint with it. In spite of Elsie's efforts, the conversation languished For some moments she strove against the advancing silence, and then gave in and left the field to the uninterrupted ticking of the clock. The monotonous sound was too much for Harvey's nerves. He rose to his feet.

"I'm afraid I must be going," he said, awkwardly.

"Must you really?" asked Elsie, rising to her feet, with a false note of regret in her voice. Inwardly she was relieved. The situation was beginning to tell upon her also.

When Harvey had taken his departure, she intimated that she was going to her room to make herself presentable.

"I'm simply covered with dust," she said, with a little nervous laugh. "It gets in one's hair, no matter what sort of a veil one wears."

"Stop a minute," he said, quietly; "I want to ask you something."

"What is it?" she asked, ill at ease.

"Nothing much," he replied, imperturbably. "I only want to know what you are doing with that boy."

"I don't understand you," she answered, flushing. "I am doing nothing with that boy."

"I am sorry to contradict you," he said, "but I am afraid I must. You *are* doing *something* to him. What I wish to know is the exact nature of that something."

"Please don't talk nonsense," said his wife, with a touch of asperity. "He is only a boy—a dear boy, of course. And he's very fond of me, and wants to give me a good time. That's all. Why should he not? It pleases him, and it doesn't hurt me."

"Ah!" replied L'Estrange, "I expected you would say that, my dear. But don't you think it might prove serious for him? I quite understand that you know the limits. If I did not, I should scarcely be talking to you as I am now. But does he? He may take this too seriously. He may hurt himself."

"How absurd!" she cried, with an angry laugh. "It won't do him any harm. He will get over it; and when he has done so, I'll look out for some nice girl for him, and marry him to her. But in the meantime, let the boy enjoy himself. He won't break his heart."

"You mean, I suppose," he answered, watching her narrowly, "that you don't care if he does?"

"Why should I?" she said, lightly.

"Why, indeed?" he echoed, marvelling at her. "Then he doesn't count. I'm glad of that, you know, because—well, because there's my own position as your husband. Excuse my mentioning it."

"Your position!" she cried, opening her eyes and giving way to a little shrug of disdainful astonishment. "Surely, my dear, you are not going to be melodramatic?"

"It was never a failing of mine," he answered, calmly; "I merely wished to point out to you the danger of allowing people to talk about your actions."

"I don't care what ill-natured people say," she retorted, hotly. "I am surprised that you should give ear to scandal-mongers. Do you mean to say that they are talking about me?"

"If they were, would it influence you?" he asked.

"It would not," she answered decisively; "I don't rule my life by other people's opinions. And I don't believe that they are talking. You only say so to frighten me."

Involuntarily, L'Estrange thought of his interview in the club.

"Since you don't care whether they do or not, it is of no importance," he answered, calmly. "I gather, then, that neither for the boy's sake, nor for mine, nor for the sake of public opinion, will you consent to stop this—this flirtation?"

The word angered her.

"I shall do as I please," she said.

"Very well," he answered, nodding; "in that case I shall have to take the law into my own hands."

She raised her eyebrows.

"What do you propose to do?" she asked, scornfully. "Lock me up? Forbid me to see him again? Or are you going to take him to France and fight a duel? I'm afraid the days for that sort of thing are over, my dear. You would only get yourself talked about."

"It is more than probable that I should," he answered, good-humouredly; "that is if I were to pursue any of the methods you have indicated. But I won't keep you any longer. I am sure you must be anxious to get the dust out of your hair."

He stood aside to allow her to pass. She looked at him with puzzled suspicion.

"Don't be silly," she said lightly, as she passed him. "There's really nothing for you to worry about."

"I don't worry," he answered, with a smile.

She shrugged her shoulders and left the room.

. . . . . .

That evening, Captain L'Estrange sought his club. Not the one he had visited that afternoon, but a second one, of which young Harvey was also a member. He found the lad, as he had expected, in the smoking-room, and dropped in a chair beside him.

"I passed you in the Park, this afternoon," he said, casually.

The boy's face flushed.

"Yes," he said, awkwardly, "Mrs. L'Estrange was good enough to come for a ride with me."

"She is fond of motoring," said the Captain, with studied carelessness.

"Yes, she does enjoy it, doesn't she?" replied Harvey, enthusiastically. He was young enough to feel a half fearful delight in talking about his idol, even though his auditor was her husband.

L'Estrange read him like an open book.

"I haven't a motor myself," he remarked; "but that is of no consequence since she has friends who will place their cars at her disposal."

"Of course, you know I shall be delighted at any time," said Harvey, in an outburst of enthusiasm. "It is always a pleasure to do anything for Mrs. L'Estrange."

(Continued on page 250)

Royalty in Sicily

Stereograph Copyright *Underwood and Underwood, London and New York*

One of Palermo's Gruesome Relics Visited by the King

Sicily is rich in gruesome relics of mediæval warfare, the Cathedral of Palermo containing a remarkable collection of mummies dating from the days of the Saracens. The Convent of the Cappucini, however, afforded the Royal visitors even more material for curiosity, containing, as it does, in its vaults, a veritable museum of twelve or fifteen hundred mummies of monks, some grimacing, others appearing to cry, some opening their mouths, others displaying black outstretched tongues

(*Continued from page 248*)

The Captain smiled airily.

"Ah, my boy!" he said lightly, "when you are married yourself, and the husband of a pretty woman, you will find that a great many people find pleasure in doing things for your wife."

Harvey glanced at him with suspicion. He was not quite certain in what direction the conversation was likely to progress. But L'Estrange was apparently absorbed in lighting a cigar, smiling placidly the while as though pleased with his thoughts.

"When that day comes," he went on, removing the cigar and blowing a cloud of smoke, "I'll give you a bit of advice that may be useful. Don't make scenes over the business. Don't act the jealous husband. It's never worth it. Make a friend of your wife, and enter into all these little affairs. Laugh at them with her like a sensible man. You will find if you take things the right way that you will get as much amusement out of them as she does."

He did not look at the lad; but in his mind's eye he saw him flush, he felt the expression of pain that crossed his features.

"That is what I do," he went on. "My wife and I understand each other. Of course she is pretty; and now and again a man makes a fool of himself about her. Well, it gives us a laugh; and with the laugh Othello's occupation's gone, so to speak."

"Of course," said the boy, after a pause, "I can see that it must be very interesting and amusing for you. Perhaps, though, you may be mistaken at times. Perhaps some of these men—who make fools of themselves, as you say—are only paying ordinary attentions, ordinary civilities."

"Oh, well, you know," replied the Captain, "I daresay some of them begin that way. But a woman soon knows when these attentions are quite disinterested. In fact, it is just at that stage when disinterestedness passes into folly that these affairs are most amusing."

Harvey made no answer. He sat with his chin in his hand, staring at the floor. He was thinking very hard things of his idol. L'Estrange smoked placidly, amused at the effect he was producing. After a pause, the lad spoke.

"It's rather a funny thing," he said, sitting up abruptly, "I had an invitation from a man this evening to go shooting big game in the Rockies. I was wondering whether I ought to accept it when you came in."

"Well, why not?" said L'Estrange placidly, and then laughed.

"Why not," echoed the lad. "There would be nothing to laugh at in that," he added, a trifle bitterly.

"Nothing at all," agreed the Captain. "A sensible sort of thing to do. Wish I could go myself. But a married man is tied. My wife wouldn't hear of it. It's well to be a bachelor for some things."

Harvey rose.

"Well, good night," he said; "I think I shall go. I may not see you again before I start. You might make my excuses to Mrs. L'Estrange, if I don't call. I shall have a good deal to do; and we sail in a couple of days."

"By all means," said the Captain, heartily; "I hope you'll come, though. She will be disappointed if you don't."

. . . . .

Mr. Harvey did not call. Three days afterwards, Mrs. L'Estrange began to get uneasy. She wrote a little note. There was no answer. Then, after some hesitation, she spoke to her husband.

"Have you seen anything of Mr. Harvey?" she asked casually across the breakfast-table.

"Gone shooting in the Rockies, I believe," said the Captain, calmly.

His wife looked at him with a world of expression in her face. But he was too busy eating bacon and eggs to notice her.

J. SACKVILLE MARTIN.

Toothsome Morsels

This is not a mouth-organ orchestra, but merely a few readers having a little light refreshment, in the shape of a slice of water-melon, on a Mexican ranche

Family Ghost as Gentle Reader

STARTLING EVIDENCE OF "THE BYSTANDER'S" CIRCULATION IN SHADOWLAND

New Development of the "Literary Ghost"

We gladly commend the above remarkable photograph to the notice of Sir Oliver Lodge and the Psychical Research Society. Not only does it afford convincing proof of the existence of our spectral friends—it also offers evidence of a high literary and pictorial taste on their part, which should go far to redeem them from the disrepute which centuries of Christmastide burlesque has cast upon them. The sender of the photograph offers the following explanation of it: "When, at last, we got a camera within range of our Family Ghost, you may imagine our surprise at finding he was reading THE BYSTANDER! In fact, it was probably owing to this circumstance that we were successful, for the Ghost was so completely absorbed in his occupation that he hardly moved whilst we took his photograph"

Golf Notes and Notions

Concerning the Interpretation of the Rules

In my review of Messrs. Nisbet's "Golf Year Book" I briefly touched on the decision of the Rules of Golf Committee as to the interpretation of the words "the line of the putt" in Rule 19. In order that my readers may understand the matter, I will concisely state the case which was submitted for decision by the Selkirk Golf Club. A and B were partners in a foursome against C and D. When A was about to play his putt his partner B, standing behind the hole, indicated the line he should take, and in doing so he rested the top of his club-shaft on the ground, two yards behind the hole, and not on the green between the ball and the hole. To reach the spot where the club rested, the ball would have needed to pass the hole and go two yards beyond it. C and D claimed the hole, and the decision of the Rules of Golf Committee is that they were right.

The Rules in Question

The rules gove ning this case are Nos. 18 and 19. Rule 18 says that "the line of the putt must not be touched except with the club immediately in front of the ball in the act of addressing it, or as above authorised," this last phrase referring to the permission given earlier in the rule to remove sand, earth, dung, worm-casts, molehills, snow, or ice lying around the hole or in the line of the putt, by brushing lightly with the hand only across the putt, and to remove dung with a club.

Rule 19 says: "When the ball is on the putting green no mark shall be placed nor line drawn as a guide. The line of the putt may be pointed out by the player's caddie, his partner, or his partner's caddie, but the person doing so must not touch the ground." The rest of the rule deals with the position of the person standing at the hole, who must not endeavour, by moving or otherwise, to influence the action of the wind upon the ball. The penalty for a breach of Rule 19 is the loss of the hole.

"The Line of the Putt"

So far as I know, there has never been a definition explaining the meaning of the words "the line of the putt." At any rate, no such definition occurs among those at the beginning of the present rules. But I am quite certain that no old golfer ever contemplated that the words "the line of the putt" could be held to apply to ground on the further side of the hole. The object of the rule was to abolish an abuse which had crept into the game, and had become rather flagrant on the part of some players. When these "canny chiels" were examining the line of their putt they would ask their caddie for the line, and then there would ensue a series of "pointings out" by the caddie and the player, consisting of running the wooden putter backwards and forwards between the ball and the hole till a groove had been made, along which the player sent his ball in security into the hole. That abuse was killed by a rule of which the present Rule 19 is the lineal descendant. In the 1882 Code the person pointing out the line could do so with "a club shaft only." In the '91 Code the person pointing out the line "may not touch the ground with the hand or club." Then in the '99 Code the present words first appear, viz., "but the person doing so must not touch the ground."

An Extended Meaning

The genesis of the rule is, therefore, quite clear, and it is patent that the "line of the putt" was held to apply only to the ground intervening between the ball and the hole. The Rules of Golf Committee have, however, given a great extension to these words; and, under their present interpretation, no spot on the green may not conceivably be on the line of the putt. It is even conceivable that, when a player goes (as I have seen many a player go) to the further side of the hole, kneels down, and, with his putter resting on the ground in front of him, looks across the hole to his ball so as to ascertain the line, his adversary will be entitled to claim the hole. If ground beyond the hole can be considered as being on the line of the putt, then this action of the player would lose him the hole under Rule 18, which makes it unlawful to touch the line of the putt, except under certain specified conditions which I have already explained.

Pedantry, or the Spirit and Traditions of the Game?

I discussed this matter with several old golfers, and found a general consensus of opinion condemning the "Selkirk" decision. Among others, I spoke to a member of the Rules of Golf Committee, who naturally upheld the decision, but who said, at the same time, that he did not think the claim ought to have been made. This struck me as showing that the rule had been interpreted according to the strict letter, and not according to the spirit or traditions of the game. Now, one of the main factors which led to the creation of the Rules of Golf Committee was the belief that by making such a Committee the final authority in the interpretation of the rules, golfers might rest secure in the faith that the rules would be administered and interpreted according to the spirit and traditions of the game, and not in the technical and pedantic fashion in which judges delight in expounding the provisions of a statute. It may be said that it involves no hardship to any player that anyone pointing out the line of the putt from any possible part of the green should be prevented from touching the ground with hand, foot, club, or any other thing with which he may be pointing out the line. What I object to is the dangerous extension of meaning given to the words "the line of the putt." Under this extension, as I have pointed out, we shall probably have all sorts of fantastic claims put in, and the evil precedent set by the "Selkirk" decision will make it difficult to resist such claims. In a word we do not want our rulers to give decisions which will send the game forward on pettifogging and sharp-practice lines. A few more decisions of the Selkirk sort will reduce the game to a lawyers' wrangle, and make it one unfit for sportsmen and gentlemen.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

Games and Pastimes

Farewell to Footer

Although the vagaries of the English Spring are proverbial, we never seem able to extract from them the warning not to be in too much of a hurry to jump from our winter to our summer pastimes. The man who plays football in April is looked upon by many as a sort of amiable lunatic, and yet last Saturday was quite a typical football day, with a fine drizzling rain, and a wind keen enough to cause spectators at Tufnell Park to shiver, even inside the warmest overcoats, as they watched the Casuals playing the London Caledonians in the final tie of the London Charity Cup, which ought to have been finished off somewhere about March 2. And, indeed, if the weather had been a little more springlike, it would have been better for all parties concerned, for as the game progressed the ground, which had had a good soaking the day before, became terribly soft, and the ball slippery in proportion. At the call of time nothing had been scored, and at the expiration of extra time both goals were still intact, so that, as Saturday was the last Saturday of the season, and no replay was possible, it was arranged that the two teams are to be joint holders of the Cup until next season. Though an inconclusive result of this kind is to be regretted, it was in other respects a fitting termination to a grim battle, in which each side struggled desperately hard, and spared neither themselves nor their opponents. As a matter of fact, the Caledonians did seventy-five per cent. of the attacking mainly with their left wing, and for that reason they must be deemed unlucky not to have won; but, on the other hand, their shooting was not good (although in the second half Macrae put in one which would have scored but for a remarkable save by Driffield), and the Casuals' defence was masterly in the extreme. The credit of saving the match belongs about equally to the two backs, Beardsley and King, and to Morgan-Owen, who was as sound as ever at centre-half. Craig also did pretty well considering that he was in a half-crocked condition for the greater part of the time. The Casuals' forwards, although the line included G. S. Harris, F. H. Bryant, and R. G. Wright, seldom seemed to get quite together, but when they did, they looked more like scoring than their opponents, and during the extra bit, they, in turn, were somewhat unlucky in not getting one or two right home. On the Scottish side, Dale Wilson, on the right wing, and Gibbons and Porter, on the left, were excellent, and the defence of Ralston and Robertson was tip-top.

Found at Last

All my life I have been consumed with the desire to know what it is that causes "tennis elbow," and, therefore, I am particularly grateful to a correspondent who has unearthed from the *British Medical Journal* a peculiarly luminous description of the origin of the malady. As I feel sure that many of my readers are longing to be in possession of the secret, here it is—in a nutshell. Nothing else, therefore, is required but a good, strong pair of nut-crackers :—

. . . If the ball be near the ground and below the armpit, the stroke is effected by associated movements of the flexor and

Photo] **Lacrosse at Lord's: Some distinguished spectators at Saturday's match** [*Illustrations Bureau*

Saturday's match at Lord's, when the Capital lacrosse team only beat the Duke of Argyll's team by ten goals to eight, was witnessed by over six thousand spectators, among whom were, as our photograph shows, the Prince and Princess of Wales and the young Princes and Princess Mary, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Canadian Premier

supinator muscles. In order that the ball may be properly attacked, the ulnar side of the hand must be carried forwards and outwards, and at the elbow both flexion and supination take place, and the brachialis anticus and the supinator brevis act together, and stretch the wall of the articular capsule, to which some of the fibres of both these muscles are attached.

Now you know all about it, don't you?

To Play or Not to Play

The growth of International competition in games has given rise to a rather difficult question. How far does the champion of a game owe a duty to his country to support her in an International contest if there is no actual bar, such as ill-health, the claims of business, or considerations of £ *s.* *d.*, to his doing so? The question has materialised in the case of lawn tennis, owing to the announcement that H. L. Doherty intends to give up the game, at any rate for a season. So, I believe, for the matter of that, does R. F. Doherty, but his case is somewhat different, because the health question enters into it. In the case of "H. L." everyone is agreed that, so far as the All-England Championship is concerned, he is free to please himself, but I have heard it said again and again that he ought to play for England in defence of the Davis Cup; which means, I suppose, that he is under some sort of moral obligation to do so. I confess that I cannot quite see the force of this. After all, the main object with which men play games is amusement; every man has a right to give up a game if he thinks he can amuse himself better in some other way; and when you come to think that if it had not been for the Dohertys we should probably never have had the Cup on this side of the Atlantic at all, it seems a little hard that, having brought it over, they should be expected to go on defending it, presumably, until they are beaten or until someone of sufficient skill to take their place turns up. On the other hand, there is no doubt whatever that if our champion puts patriotism before personal inclination just for this once, he will gain (and fully deserve) the credit of doing a highly sporting thing; and I hope that, as the time draws nearer, he may be induced to look at the matter in this light, and revoke his decision not to play. Let him announce that he is willing to represent England once more, but that, win or lose, it must be understood that he is definitely retiring, either for good or for a season, after that, and I undertake to say that, popular as he already is, he will receive, when the match comes off, and whether we win or lose, such an ovation as he has never had before in his life.

Photo] **Mr. S. M. J. Woods** *[Thiele*

The well-known cricketer, is retiring from the captaincy of the Somerset Eleven, and is to be presented with a testimonial on May 9

Do Golf and Lawn Tennis Harmonise?

It will probably interest my readers to learn that I have obtained some evidence in support of the contrary proposition to that upheld by Mr. Lehmann and myself, that a player both of golf and lawn tennis cannot play the two games concurrently and satisfactorily. A lady, who is within measurable distance of the top of the tree at both games, assures me that she finds no difficulty in going from the one to the other, and that she has even shown her best form, both at golf and lawn tennis, on the same day. There may, for aught I know, be others of both sexes like her; but, if there are, I am afraid that I shall still be disposed to regard (and envy) them and her as instances of exceptional versatility. The majority of those I have questioned appear, like Mr. Lehmann and myself, to find the two games exasperatingly incompatible.

The English Setter Field Trials: The judges, Lord Alfred Fitzroy (in front) and Lieut.-Col. Beck

The Trials were held last week on the Elstow and Haynes Park Estates, near Bedford, and though the weather was beautiful on both days, scent was very poor. First in the Setter Puppy Class was Col. C. S. Coxe's Dabchick, while among the old dogs, Mr. H. Mitchell's Lingfield Beryl, last year's winner, was again successful

TREATISE ON OPTIONS

Mr. Arthur Crump, late City Editor of the *Times*, described "Options" as "the most scientific and prudent way of operating on the Stock Exchange." This system of operating, although well known and very popular on the Continent and in America, is not so well known amongst Investors here as its merits justify. We have just published a new Treatise on this subject which will be sent post free on application to THE SECRETARY,

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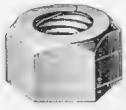

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We are now enabled to resume this series, though in another direction, by announcing the fact that on April 15th judgment was given in our favour by

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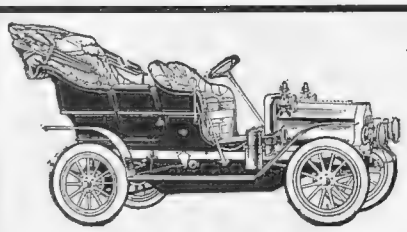

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REO

Automobile Topics

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

Congested Streets

It seems impossible to attempt to get anywhere quickly in London if one has to use the streets. For the last few years the authorities have added a great quantity of "island crossings" in leading thoroughfares, with the result that more than ever the speed of the traffic is regulated at a crawling pace. The audacious way in which these authorities have seized on space in our streets for various shelters, lavatories, and lighting standards, is positively akin to piracy. Wherever there is a crossing particularly congested by traffic they set to work to build a street lavatory, thus reducing the width of the street by about one-half. They are now in the middle of a gigantic specimen at the junction of Stamford Street, York Road, and Waterloo Bridge Road, near Waterloo Station. This congestion of traffic is increased by allowing heavy commercial vehicles to use our over-crowded main streets at all times, without attempting to hug the kerb. The other day, a string of motors and carriages was held up nearly the whole length of the Strand. Why? Because a coal-cart was loitering along the middle of the road in company with another crawling wagon. Having caused me to miss my train, for other vehicles were quite unable to pass them, I dismissed my cab and watched them. Did their drivers have any business in the Strand? Not they. They leisurely pursued their evil courses, until at last I lost sight of them again blocking the traffic in Piccadilly.

Common-sense Treatment

Something really ought to be done to put a stop to the present intolerable congestion of our streets. The matter is a serious one. London is a huge and unwieldy city, and it does not tend to decentralise. There is only one Strand, one Piccadilly, and one Oxford Street, yet, in spite of this, no attempt is made to discriminate as to the traffic. Coal-carts and slow-moving commercial vehicles, having no immediate business in our leading thoroughfares, should be forbidden to use them between 8 a.m. and 10 p.m. The police ought to have strict instructions to summon any slow-moving vehicle—I allude, not in this instance to coal-carts or wagons, but ordinary tradesmen's vans, and even horse-drawn omnibuses — wilfully using the middle of the road, and on such delinquents a heavy fine should be imposed. Finally, those intelligent beings on the Borough Councils who are responsible for electric standards in the middle of the roads should be made to take them down at their own personal expense. The problem of dealing with London traffic is not so much of a problem, believe me. It really only requires the application of a little common sense.

14 H.-P. MINERVA, side entrance, Cape hood, glass shield, £200; 12-16 H.-P. LEADER four-cylinder car, bargain at £125; and five other Cars.—CORRY HURFORD (379 Mayfair), 171, Great Portland Street, W. (Car run by the year.)

Photo] **Motorist-Aeronauts: The Hon. C. S. Rolls and his record balloon party** [*Campbell-Gray*

The Hon. C. S. Rolls, the well-known motorist and aeronaut, recently took some members of White's Club, among whom were several motor enthusiasts, for a trip in his balloon, *Britannia*. The party "landed" in Suffolk, after a hundred miles journey, which occupied just over three hours. Reading from left to right, the names of the passengers are: Lord Northland, C. F. Pollock, Esq., the Hon. C. S. Rolls, Lord Dalmeny, V. Ker-Seymer, Esq., John Dunville, Esq., Sir Hugo de Bathe, Sir Charles Ross, and Captain Corbet

A Steam v. Petrol Match

In the near future an interesting 4,000 miles reliability trial will take place between Steam and Petrol. Mr. Frederic Coleman, of the White Steam Car, having challenged any rival, there is to be a match between a 30 h.-p. White Steam Car and a 40-50 h.-p. six-cylinder Rolls-Royce. The trial is to be a test of trustworthiness, and with a view to deciding which is the better type of touring carriage *de luxe*. It must not be forgotten that while the selling price of the 30 h.-p. White chassis is £675, the 40-50 h.-p. six-cylinder Rolls-Royce is £950, or with magneto £980. The White Steam Cars are growing very rapidly in popularity, as the absurd prejudice against them, mainly owing to ignorance, is gradually passing away.

* * *

Railway Charges on Cars

Mr. Henry Sturmey, whose "Way of Thinking" in *The Motor* is always interesting and outspoken, has drawn attention to the unintelligent manner in which railway companies undertake the delivery of motor-cars. As he says: "To the railway company a car is a car, irrespective of whether it costs £100 or £1,000, or weighs one cwt. or a couple of tons, and their charge is the same—6*d*. per mile." This crude and indiscriminate method of levying toll on motors is the same principle that the railway companies first adopted towards bicycles, when to carry a bicycle by train was quite a guarantee of a good bank account. Cars should be charged by weight. No one owning a small car, on the present system of charge, ever sends it by train if it can possibly go by road.

COMYNS BEAUMONT.

* * *

Car-icature No. XXIV.: Mr. Stenson Cooke
The indefatigable secretary of the Automobile Association, whose membership now exceeds three thousand and the sworn foe of police traps in whatever shape or form
(By ALICK P. F. RITCHIE)

Miscellanea

Mr. Weigel is anxious to pit a 40 h.-p. four-cylinder Weigel against Mr. S. F. Edge's 40 h.-p. six-cylinder Napier. Mr. Weigel's chassis costs £750, the Napier £950. Mr. Weigel, in informing me of his challenge, says: "I am sick and dead tired of Mr. Edge's continual change of front."

The Automobile Association Offices have been moved to Prince's Buildings, Coventry Street, W.

Friswell's, of Albany Street, are offering free seven-day trials in their six-cylinder "Standard," from 15 to 50 h.-p.

The wonderful little single-cylinder Sizaine and Naudin car, which I described a few weeks ago in these pages, won the Targo Florio Voiturette Cup recently.

The Daimler Company, in the Appeal Court, obtained judgment against the firm using the word "Daimler" in connection with their cars. Lord Gerard has just ordered a new 28 h.-p. Daimler chassis.

At the Norwich Motor Show, of 168 tyres fitted to cars 114 were Dunlops.

An "Entente Cordiale" motor service, in the shape of a 40-60 h.-p. Sobron-Brillie car to Paris and back, has been started by the Westminster Bridge Garage. I believe it includes a personally conducted tour in "Gay Paree!"

The British De Dietrich Company has purchased the Ariel factory at Birmingham. The Company's capital is £100 000, all of which is taken up.

* * *

Car-icature—No. XXIV.: Mr. Stenson Cooke

Although one of the youngest organisations directing automobile affairs, the Automobile Association has already made for itself a singular success. Originally started by a few sufferers from police persecution who had been "held up" on the Brighton Road, and who adopted the plan of employing cyclist patrols to give warning of authority in ambush—the idea was Mr. Charles Jarrott's—so great has been the success of the scheme, that to-day the membership-roll of the omniscient "A.A." exceeds three thousand, and its scouts are to be found on every main trunk artery of vehicular traffic in the kingdom. A most useful innovation was instituted a few months ago, when Mr. Stenson Cooke—the subject of this week's Car-icature, and to whom is chiefly due the remarkable position achieved by the Automobile Association—caused his men to be instructed in the work of rapid tyre repair. This has been found of incalculable service to many motorists who, touring without a mechanic, would be otherwise compelled to depend upon their own resources in time of tyre trouble. A new sphere of usefulness was inaugurated by the "A.A." last week, when Colonel Bosworth, its popular Chairman, presiding at the opening dinner of the Motor Club, announced that his Committee had determined to support the social side of motoring, and that a very large percentage of the members of the "A.A." had decided to give in their adherence to the Motor Club. It is not too much to say that Mr. Stenson Cooke has made the Automobile Association, and his remark to the writer a few days ago that "We are only just beginning to show our use," is characteristic alike of the man's well-grounded, sanguine optimism and his innate modesty of disposition. "We have done *nothing* yet," said Mr. Cooke. All practical motorists will be disposed to propose an amendment.

D. M.

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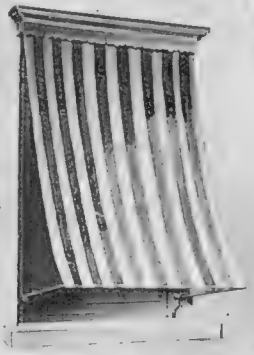

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Old Cantabs *v.* Hurlingham.
Mon. 6. Aldershot Polo Club *v.* Hurlingham
Eaton *v.* Hurlingham
Tues. 7. Cavalry Club *v.* Hurlingham
Mulgrave House *v.* Hurlingham
Wed. 8. Old Cantabs *v.* Hurlingham
Magpies *v.* Hurlingham
Thurs. 9. White's Club *v.* Hurlingham
Tally Ho *v.* Hurlingham
Sat. 11. Rugby *v.* Hurlingham
Parthians *v.* Hurlingham
Mon. 13. Eaton *v.* Elvaston
Tues. 14. Mr. Grenfell's Team *v.* Hurlingham
Wellington Club *v.* Hurlingham
Wed. 15. Rugby *v.* Hurlingham
Thurs. 16. Parthians *v.* Hurlingham
Spring Hill *v.* Hurlingham
Sat. 18. Old Cantabs *v.* Hurlingham
Magpies *v.* Hurlingham
Moonlighters *v.* Hurlingham
*Royal Horse Guards *v.* Hurlingham (at Datchet)
Mon. 20. Boodle's Club *v.* Hurlingham
Tally Ho *v.* Hurlingham
Tues. 21. Magpies *v.* Hurlingham
2nd Life Guards *v.* Hurlingham
Wed. 22. Old Cantabs *v.* Hurlingham
*Ranelagh *v.* Hurlingham (at Ranelagh)
Thurs. 23. Eaton *v.* Hurlingham
Sat. 25. Moreton Morrell *v.* Hurlingham
Aldershot Polo Club *v.* Hurlingham
Royal Horse Guards *v.* Hurlingham
Ladies' Driving Competit on
Mon. 27. **Social Clubs Tournament**
Tues. 28. **Social Clubs Tournament**
Tigers *v.* Hurlingham
Mulgrave House *v.* Hurlingham
Wed. 29. Worcester Park *v.* Hurlingham
Thurs. 30. Aldershot Polo Club *v.* Hurlingham

JUNE.

Sat. 1. **Social Clubs Tournament (Final)**
Royal Horse Guards *v.* Hurlingham
Madrid *v.* Maharajah of Bikanir's Team
*Roehampton *v.* Hurlingham (at Roehampton)
Mon. 3. 2nd Life Guards *v.* Hurlingham

JUNE.

Mon. 3. Tally Ho *v.* Hurlingham
Moonlighters *v.* Hurlingham
Beavers *v.* Hurlingham
Tues. 4. Ranelagh *v.* Hurlingham
Parthians *v.* Hurlingham
Tigers *v.* Hurlingham
Wed. 5. Old Cantabs *v.* Hurlingham
Aldershot Polo Club *v.* Hurlingham
Arcadians *v.* Hurlingham
Thurs. 6. Eaton *v.* Hurlingham
Ashton *v.* Hurlingham
Sat. 8. Rugby *v.* Hurlingham
Moonlighters *v.* Hurlingham
Mr. Grenfell's Team *v.* Hurlingham
Polo Pony and Hack Show and Jumping Competition
Mon. 10. Rugby *v.* Woodpeckers
Tues. 11. Madrid Polo Club *v.* Magpies
Wed. 12. Old Cantabs *v.* Hurlingham
Moreton Morrell *v.* Hurlingham
Thurs. 13. Spring Hill *v.* Hurlingham
Arcadians *v.* Hurlingham.
Sat. 15. Woodpeckers *v.* Hurlingham
Tigers *v.* Hurlingham
Magpies *v.* Hurlingham
*Royal Horse Guards *v.* Hurlingham (at Datchet)
Mon. 17. **Champion Cup (Ties)**
Tues. 18. **Champion Cup (Ties)**
Wed. 19. **Champion Cup (Tie)**
Royal Horse Guards *v.* Hurlingham
Thurs. 20. **Champion Cup (Semi-Finals)**
Madrid *v.* Hurlingham
Ashton *v.* Hurlingham
Fri. 21. *Worcester Park *v.* Hurlingham (at Worcester Park)
Sat. 22. **Champion Cup (Final)**
Royal Horse Guards *v.* Maharajah of Bikanir's Team
*London Polo Club *v.* Hurlingham (at Crystal Palace)
*Roehampton *v.* Hurlingham (at Roehampton)
Musical Ride and Cavalry Display
Mon. 24. Inter-University Match
Mr. Grenfell's Team *v.* Hurlingham
Beavers *v.* Hurlingham
Tues. 25. Cavalry Club *v.* Hurlingham
Wed. 26. Royal Horse Guards (Subalterns) *v.* Hurlingham

JUNE.

Wed. 26. Moonlighters *v.* Hurlingham
Tiverton *v.* Hurlingham
Thurs. 27. 1st Life Guards *v.* Hurlingham
Mulgrave House *v.* Hurlingham Lodge
Beavers *v.* Hurlingham
Sat. 29. Moreton Morrell *v.* Hurlingham
Madrid *v.* Hurlingham
Mr. Grenfell's Team *v.* Maharajah of Bikanir's Team
*Royal Horse Guards *v.* Hurlingham (at Datchet)
Gymkhana and Victoria Cross Race

JULY.

Mon. 1. Old Etonians *v.* Madrid
Tues. 2. Parthians *v.* Hurlingham
Beavers *v.* Hurlingham
Wed. 3. **Inter-Regimental Tournament**
Thurs. 4. **Inter-Regimental Tournament**
Mulgrave House *v.* Ashton
Sat. 6. **Inter-Regimental Tournament (Final)**
Maharajah of Bikanir's Team *v.* Hurlingham
Soldiers—Past *v.* Present
Mon. 8. 2nd Life Guards *v.* Hurlingham
Tiverton *v.* Hurlingham
Tues. 9. **County Cup (Semi-Final Tie)**
Arcadians *v.* Hurlingham
Wed. 10. **County Cup (Semi-Final Tie)**
Thurs. 11. Moonlighters *v.* Hurlingham
Tally Ho *v.* Hurlingham
Sat. 13. **County Cup (Final)**
Old Cantabs *v.* Hurlingham
London Polo Club *v.* Hurlingham
Mon. 15. **Handicap Tournament**
Tiverton *v.* Hurlingham
Tues. 16. **Handicap Tournament**
Wed. 17. Royal Horse Guards *v.* Hurlingham
Cavalry Club *v.* Hurlingham
Thurs. 18. Mulgrave House *v.* Hurlingham
Fri. 19. *Worcester Park *v.* Hurlingham (at Worcester Park)
Sat. 20. **Handicap Tournament (Final)**
Old Etonians *v.* Hurlingham
2nd Life Guards *v.* Hurlingham
*Royal Horse Guards *v.* Hurlingham (at Datchet)
Tues. 23. 1st Life Guards *v.* Hurlingham
Wed. 24. Hurlingham Lodge *v.* Mulgrave House

*Matches marked * will be played away from Hurlingham.*

FURTHER ARRANGEMENTS, including the Annual Visit of the Four-in-Hand and Coaching Clubs, will be made as the Season progresses. Any such arrangements will be duly ADVERTISED in the *MORNING POST* and Sporting Papers. The above Programmes are subject to any alterations that the Committee may deem advisable.

CROQUET.

THE CLUB CROQUET TOURNAMENT, for Members of Hurlingham Club and Friends nominated by Members, will be held on **Monday, June 10, 1907,** and following days.

A CROQUET TOURNAMENT, open to all Members of the Croquet Association and to Members of the Hurlingham Club, will be held on **Tuesday, June 18, 1907,** and following days.

BAND ARRANGEMENTS AND OTHER EVENTS.

The Band of His Majesty's Royal Horse Guards (The Blues) will perform on Saturdays from May 18 to the end of the Season, from 4 to 6.30 p.m.

The Band of the Imperial Yeomanry will perform on Whit Monday, May 20, from 4 to 7 p.m.

AFTERNOON AND EVENING BANDS.

THE HURLINGHAM CLUB BAND, under the direction of CHEVALIER ARRIGO BOCCHI. will play every Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday from 5 to 6.30 and from 8.30 to 10.30 p.m., commencing on Saturday, May 18.

The above Band, and all Entertainments given at the Hurlingham Club, can be secured for Garden Parties, At Homes, etc., throughout the Season, by applying to Messrs. Ashton and Co., 38, Old Bond Street, or to the Secretary of the Hurlingham Club. The Evening Bands will be supplemented by the following Entertainments :—

Two Kinematograph Displays, Eight Sunday Concerts (vocal), Pyrotechnic Displays, Venetian Fête, Pastoral Play, Daylight Fireworks, Special Variety Concert, Illuminations.

The dates on which the above Entertainments will take place will be notified on the weekly Programmes during the season, and also advertised on the front page of the *Morning Post*.

The above Programmes are subject to any alterations the Committee may deem advisable.

HEALTH
is worth preserving.
FERNET-BRANCA
BITTERS.
A marvellous Tonic and Digestive. Just a spoonful in water or coffee has immediate effect. These famous Bitters are recommended by medical men as an invaluable appetiser.
Fernet Branca of Fratelli Branca (Branca Bros.) of Milan.
Agents: Bowen & McKechnie, London, E.C.

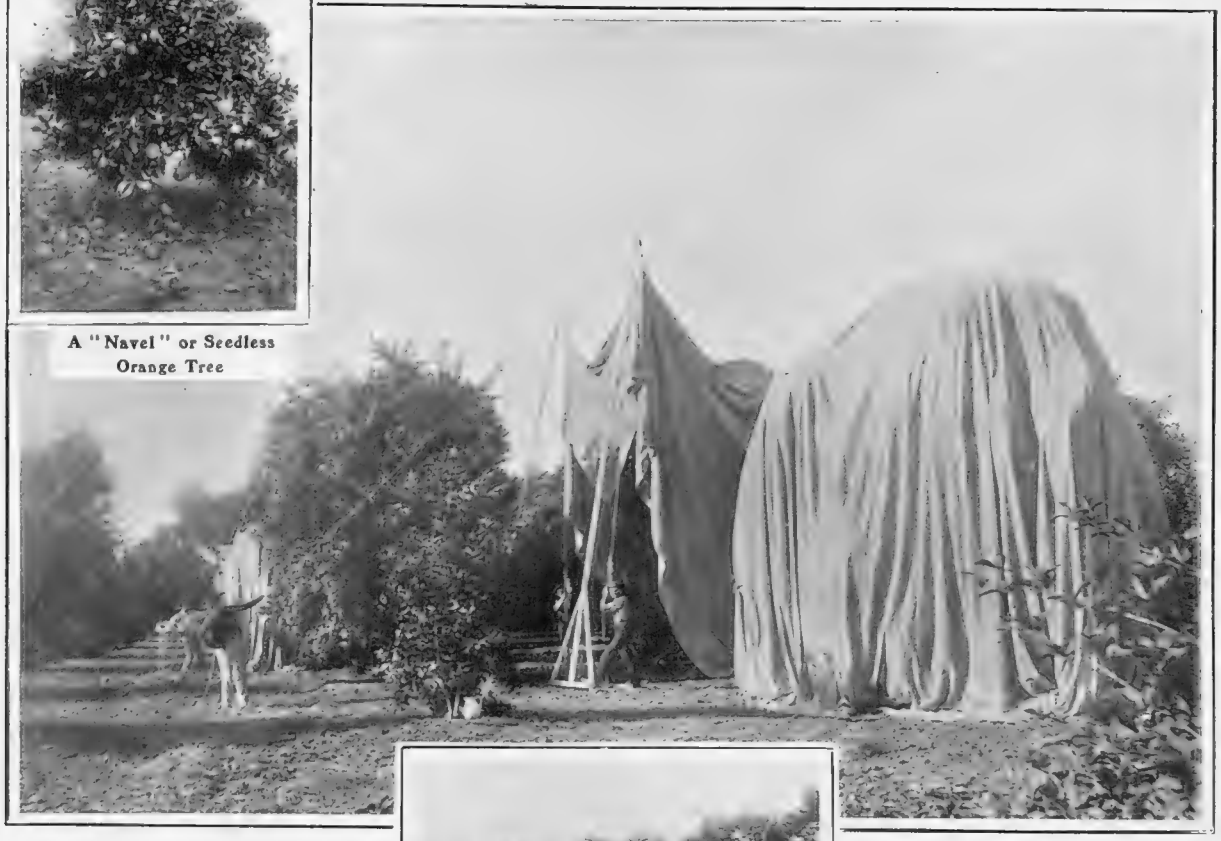
Fredk. C. BAYLEY HOSIER, GLOVER, ETC.,
34, STRAND, LONDON.

POLO GLOVES .. 7/9
HUNTING SAC GLOVES 3/6
CHAMOIS GLOVES 2/6
LADIES' 12-Button Length Kid .. 5/6
16-Button ditto 6/6
Knitted Silk Ties, 2/6, 3/6, 4/6, 5/6

Improving Upon Nature

THE EVOLUTION OF THE IDEAL FRUIT, THE SEEDLESS ORANGE

A "Navel" or Seedless Orange Tree



Fumigating an Orange Orchard

To kill the "scale" parasite, each tree in turn is covered by a tent, under which a chemical preparation is burned, the fumes destroying the pest

The First of its Species

The parent seedless orange tree at Riverside, California

Photos] **A grove of Californian seedless orange trees in process of irrigation** [*Topical Agency*

The evolution of the seedless orange is the latest triumph of scientific fruit-breeding, a subject to which the United States Department of Agriculture now devotes special laboratories. California, almost as famous for its "golden fruit" as for its golden ore, is now pushing forward the cultivation of this ideal orange. Orange orchards, whether of the seedless or ordinary variety, as our pictures indicate, require the utmost attention, as the irrigation difficulty is one which often troubles the Californian grower while he is no more free from insect pest than his brother in more temperate climes

Ivy for Walls

Ivy is usually pruned about the present time, or sometimes a little earlier, the reason being that the young shoots, which start into growth at this season, quickly cover any bare patches. Of course, if the cutting is done recklessly, so that only very old wood is left, this result cannot be expected; the plant will then probably take years to recover its green appearance. But, even if it has been rather neglected, there is seldom any need for hard cutting; for ivy and all other climbers, with the possible exception of Ampelopsis Veitchii, are always most effective when, as shown in the illustration, they are allowed to grow in their own way. For north and east walls there is no climber equal to the ivy; and there are now many beautiful varieties to choose from, differing in the size, and shape, and colour of their leaves, green, and white, and yellow. On sunnier walls, too, it is excellent as a background for flowering climbers like roses, which lose their foliage in winter, and, if the two are not allowed to interfere with one another, no harm is done to either by growing them together. But, perhaps, for this purpose many would prefer Ampelopsis Veitchii, in spite of its being deciduous. Though rather slow for the first year or two, it makes rapid growth afterwards; by means of its interesting little pads it adheres closely to the wall, and in autumn its colouring is unsurpassed by that of any flowers in the garden.

Beautiful Climbers

Very little pruning is advisable for clematises. As the montana and florida groups flower on the wood of the previous year, they should not be cut at all, and even the Jackmanni varieties, though they flower on the young shoots, require no more than an occasional slight thinning. The improvement in clematises has made them great favourites, and for continuous flowering the Jackmanni group is unsurpassed.. Another beautiful climber, though with rather a terrible name, is Eccremocarpus scaber. Its clusters of orange flowers are rather like those of the heaths, and the foliage is very light and graceful. Unfortunately, it is not quite hardy, but in warm districts, though it may be killed to the ground in winter, if the roots are covered with ashes, it will throw up plenty of strong shoots in Spring. There are two newer varieties, one with yellow flowers and the other with red. Aristolochia sipho, popularly known as the Dutchman's pipe, is an interesting climber, especially useful for draping old tree-trunks, and the jasmines, honeysuckles, wistarias, and passion-flowers are all charming. But, undoubtedly, the finest climber is Tropœolum speciosum. It likes a moist, deep soil and a cool aspect, and is seen at its best on the West Coast of Scotland. That it will grow almost equally well, however, in the South of England may be proved by a visit towards the end of summer to the Royal Horticultural Society's Gardens at Wisley.

H. C. Davidson.

The Picturesque Effect of Climbers

Few things add more to the picturesqueness of a house than a healthy climber, which is always most effective when allowed to grow in its own way

RANELAGH CLUB. Preliminary Programme of Fixtures, 1907.

APRIL.

Tues. 16. Wed. 17. } Ladies' Annual Golf Tournament
Sat. 27. Annual Parliamentary Golf Match
Mon. 29. Polo Commences. Members' Games
Tues. 30. Entries close for Handicap Tournament

MAY.

Wed. 1. Handicap Tournament Ties
Thurs. 2. Semi-Finals of the Handicap Tournament
Sat. 4. **Final of the Handicap Tournament**
Wanderers *v.* Ranelagh
Mon. 6. Essex Union *v.* Ranelagh
Warwickshire Hunt *v.* Ranelagh
Wed. 8. 2nd Life Guards *v.* Ranelagh
Sharavogue *v.* Magpies (Points Cup)
Thurs. 9. Tiverton *v.* Parthians (Points Cup)
1st Life Guards *v.* Ranelagh
Sat. 11. Moonlighters *v.* Red Rovers (Points Cup)
Tally Ho *v.* King's Dragoon Guards (Points Cup)
Mr. Grenfell's Team *v.* Ranelagh
Pytchley Hunt *v.* Ranelagh
Royal Horse Guards *v.* Ranelagh
Mon. 13. Hunt Challenge Cup Commences
Red Rovers *v.* Tally Ho (Points Cup)
Beavers *v.* Ranelagh
Moreton Morrell *v.* Ranelagh
Tues. 14. Ties of the Hunt Challenge Cup
Wed. 15. Tiverton *v.* Magpies (Points Cup)
Moonlighters *v.* Parthians (Points Cup)
Aldershot Polo Club *v.* Ranelagh
Eaton *v.* Ranelagh
Thurs. 16. Semi-Finals of the Hunt Challenge Cup
Sat. 18. **Final of the Hunt Challenge Cup**
Tigers *v.* King's Dragoon Guards (Points Cup)
Tiverton *v.* Ranelagh
Colchester *v.* Ranelagh
1st Life Guards *v.* Ranelagh
Mon. 20. (*Whit Mon.*) King's Dragoon Guards *v.* Red Rovers (Points Cup)
Moonlighters *v.* Ranelagh
Old Cantabs *v.* Ranelagh
Wed. 22. Tigers *v.* Sharavogue (Points Cup)
Moonlighters *v.* Tally Ho (Points Cup)
Hurlingham *v.* Ranelagh
Thurs. 23. Moreton Morrell *v.* Ranelagh
Beavers *v.* Ranelagh
Ranelagh *v.* Roehampton
Sat. 25. Parthians *v.* Magpies (Points Cup)
Mr. Grenfell's Team *v.* Ranelagh
Aldershot Polo Club *v.* Ranelagh
Colchester *v.* Ranelagh
Royal Horse Guards *v.* Ranelagh
Mon. 27. Tigers *v.* Tiverton (Points Cup)
Magpies *v.* Tally Ho (Points Cup)
Lancers (Past and Present) *v.* Royal Horse Guards
Royal Artillery *v.* Ranelagh
Tues. 28. Ranelagh *v.* London Polo Club
Wed. 29. Red Rovers *v.* Parthians (Points Cup)
House of Lords *v.* Ranelagh
Moreton Morrell *v.* Ranelagh
Rugby *v.* Ranelagh
Thurs. 30. Sharavogue *v.* King's Dragoon Guards (Points Cup)
2nd Life Guards *v.* Ranelagh

MAY.

Thurs. 30. House of Commons *v.* Ranelagh
Old Cantabs *v.* Ranelagh

JUNE.

Sat. 1. Infantry (Past and Present) *v.* Ranelagh
Aldershot Polo Club *v.* Ranelagh
Tiverton *v.* Ranelagh
1st Life Guards *v.* Ranelagh
Hussars (Past and Present) *v.* Ranelagh
Driving Competition
Mon. 3. Army Cup Commences
King's Dragoon Guards *v.* Parthians (Points Cup)
Roehampton *v.* Ranelagh
Tues. 4. Ranelagh *v.* Hurlingham
Wed. 5. (*Derby Day*) Tigers *v.* Moonlighters (Points Cup)
Red Rovers *v.* Magpies (Points Cup)
Tiverton *v.* Ranelagh
Thurs. 6. Semi-Finals of the Army Cup
Madrid *v.* Ranelagh
Sat. 8. **Final of the Army Cup**
Sharavogue *v.* Tiverton (Points Cup)
Arcadians *v.* Ranelagh
Tally Ho *v.* Ranelagh
Tigers *v.* 2nd Life Guards
Ranelagh *v.* Royal Horse Guards
Polo Gymkhana and Ladies' Sports
Mon. 10. Sharavogue *v.* Moonlighters (Points Cup)
Tigers *v.* Tally Ho (Points Cup)
Old Etonians *v.* Ranelagh
Moreton Morrell *v.* Ranelagh
Wed. 12. Parthians *v.* Tally Ho (Points Cup)
Roehampton *v.* Ranelagh
Red Rovers *v.* Royal Horse Guards
Colchester *v.* Ranelagh
Thurs. 13. Moonlighters *v.* Magpies (Points Cup)
1st Life Guards *v.* Ranelagh
Old Cantabs *v.* Ranelagh
Sat. 15. **House of Lords** *v.* **House of Commons** (Annual Match)
Tiverton *v.* King's Dragoon Guards (Points Cup)
Mr. Grenfell's Team *v.* Ranelagh
Royal Artillery *v.* Ranelagh
De Frevilles *v.* Ranelagh
Military Sports
Mon. 17. Novices' Cup Commences
Tues. 18. Novices' Cup Ties
Wed. 19. King's Dragoon Guards *v.* Ranelagh
Moonlighters *v.* 2nd Life Guards
Thurs. 20. Semi-Finals of the Novices' Cup
Sat. 22. **Final of the Novices' Cup**
Aldershot Polo Club *v.* Ranelagh
Tiverton *v.* Ranelagh
Tally Ho *v.* Ranelagh
Royal Horse Guards *v.* Madrid
Ranelagh Horse and Polo Pony Show
Mon. 24. Ranelagh Open Cup Commences
Tiverton *v.* Moonlighters (Points Cup)
Tues. 25. Ranelagh Open Cup Ties
Wed. 26. Tigers *v.* Red Rovers (Points Cup)
Magpies *v.* King's Dragoon Guards (Points Cup)
1st Life Guards *v.* Ranelagh
Arcadians *v.* Ranelagh

JUNE.

Thurs. 27. Semi-Finals of the Ranelagh Open Cup
Sat. 29. **Final of the Ranelagh Open Cup**
Sharavogue *v.* Tally Ho (Points Cup)
De Frevilles *v.* Ranelagh
Tiverton *v.* Ranelagh
Colchester *v.* Ranelagh
Aerial Longest Distance Race

JULY.

Mon. 1. Sharavogue *v.* Red Rovers (Points Cup)
Moonlighters *v.* King's Dragoon Guards (Points Cup)
Tally Ho *v.* Ranelagh
Aldershot Polo Club *v.* Ranelagh
Wed. 3. Tiverton *v.* Tally Ho (Points Cup)
1st Life Guards *v.* Madrid
Essex Union *v.* Ranelagh
Arcadians *v.* Ranelagh
Thurs. 4. **Aldershot Day**
Sat. 6. Tigers *v.* Parthians (Points Cup)
Moonlighters *v.* Ranelagh
2nd Life Guards *v.* Ranelagh
Royal Horse Guards *v.* Ranelagh
Mr. Grenfell's Team *v.* Ranelagh
Finals of Croquet Tournament
Automobile Gymkhana
Mon. 8. Ranelagh Subalterns' Cup Commences
Blackmore Vale Polo Club *v.* Ranelagh
Tues. 9. Ranelagh Subalterns' Cup Ties
Soldiers (Past) *v.* Soldiers (Present)
Wed. 10. **Semi-Finals of the Country Clubs' Junior Championship**
Sharavogue *v.* Parthians (Points Cup)
Tiverton *v.* Red Rovers (Points Cup)
Children's Day
Thurs. 11. Semi-Finals of the Ranelagh Subalterns' Cup
Tigers *v.* Magpies (Points Cup)
Vale of White Horse *v.* Ranelagh
Sat. 13. **Final of the Ranelagh Subalterns' Cup**
Final of the Country Clubs' Junior Championship
Moonlighters *v.* Ranelagh
Beavers *v.* Ranelagh
Ranelagh *v.* Royal Horse Guards
Pony Gymkhana
Mon. 15. Hunt Tournament Commences
1st Life Guards *v.* Ranelagh
Tues. 16. Hunt Tournament Ties
Wed. 17. 2nd Life Guards *v.* Ranelagh
Tigers *v.* Ranelagh
London Polo Club *v.* Ranelagh
Royal Horse Guards *v.* Ranelagh
Old Cantabs *v.* Ranelagh
Thurs. 18. Semi-Finals of the Hunt Tournament
Sat. 20. **Final of the Hunt Tournament**
Moonlighters *v.* Ranelagh
Tiverton *v.* Ranelagh
Polo Pony Races
Mon. 22. Woodpeckers *v.* Ranelagh
Red Rovers *v.* Ranelagh
Beavers *v.* Ranelagh
Wed. 24. Travellers *v.* Ranelagh
House of Commons *v.* Ranelagh
Thurs. 25. Tigers *v.* Ranelagh
De Frevilles *v.* Ranelagh
Sat. 27. Household Brigade *v.* Ranelagh
Wanderers *v.* Ranelagh

The above arrangements will be adhered to as closely as possible throughout the Season.

Official Umpire, MAJOR A. M. PIRIE.

F. A. GILL, L. C. D. JENNER, } *Joint Polo Managers, Ranelagh Club.*

The dates for the Visits of the Four-in-Hand and Coaching Clubs will be announced during the Season.

Open-air Plays will be performed in **June and July.**

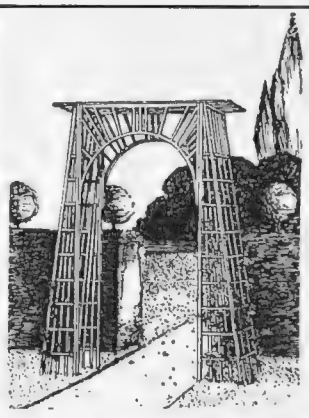
THE RANELAGH CLUB ORCHESTRA will play WEDNESDAY, afternoon and evening; SATURDAY, evening; SUNDAY, afternoon and evening.

The Band of the 21st (Empress of India's) Lancers will play every SATURDAY afternoon.

Further Musical arrangements will be duly announced.

The Four Polo Grounds will be open in May, and Members' Games will commence WEDNESDAY, May 1, weather permitting.

Weedy Lawns
Tennis Courts, Bowling Greens, etc.
TRANSFORMED
into a beautiful sward of rich-coloured, close-growing grass, free from moss, daisies, plaintains, and other surface rooting weeds by "Climax" Lawn Sand. This remarkable preparation adheres to the rough hairy leaves of daisies, plaintains, etc., and, by absorbing therefrom all the sap, destroys them beyond recovery. Moreover, "Climax" Lawn Sand goes to the **roots** of the smooth-bladed finer grasses, and acts as a valuable fertiliser. The most weedy and impoverished lawn will show a remarkable improvement after a single application. 28lb. will dress 100 square yards. Price, carriage paid: 14lb., 3/6; 28lb., 6/-; 56lb., 11/-; 1 cwt., 20/-; 5 cwt., 90/-.
Any enquiry welcomed.
BOUNDARY CHEMICAL Co LTD LUTON ST LIVERPOOL



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Illustrated Catalogue, Estimates, and Advice Free upon application.
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ROEHAMPTON CLUB. Polo and Croquet Tournaments, 1907.

(Subject to Alterations)

APRIL.

Mon. 29. Regimental Games
Tues. 30. Members' Games

MAY.

Wed. 1. Whites Club *v.* Eaton
Roehampton *v.* Mr. Grenfell's Team
Beavers *v.* Roehampton
Thurs. 2. Handicap Tournament
Regimental Games
Fri. 3. Members' Games
Sat. 4. **Roehampton *v.* Rugby**
Magpies *v.* Tally Ho
2nd Life Guards *v.* Moonlighters
Old Wyckhamists *v.* Roehampton
Mon. 6. Roehampton *v.* Old Cantabs
Parthians *v.* Red Rovers
Regimental Games
Members' Croquet Tournament Commences
Tues. 7. Members' Games
Wed. 8. King's Dragoon Guards *v.* Moonlighters
Roehampton *v.* Mr. Grenfell's Team
Spring Hill *v.* Roehampton
Rifle Brigade (Past and Present) *v.* Roehampton
Thurs. 9. Handicap Tournament
Regimental Games
Fri. 10. Members' Games
Sat. 11. **Roehampton *v.* Old Cantabs**
Tigers *v.* Magpies
1st Life Guards *v.* Roehampton
Sharavogue *v.* Roehampton
Rugby *v.* Hurlingham (at Hurlingham)
Mon. 13. Mr. Grenfell's Team *v.* Old Cantabs
Regimental Games
Tues. 14. Members' Games
Wed. 15. **Roehampton *v.* Old Cantabs**
Royal Horse Guards *v.* Tally Ho
Beavers *v.* Roehampton
Sharavogue *v.* Roehampton
Red Rovers *v.* Roehampton
Rugby *v.* Hurlingham (at Hurlingham)
Thurs. 16. Handicap Tournament
Regimental Games
Fri. 17. Members' Games
Sat. 18. **Roehampton *v.* Rugby**
Tally Ho *v.* Roehampton
Magpies *v.* Roehampton
Mr. Grenfell's Team *v.* Roehampton
Parthians *v.* Roehampton
Mon. 20. **Public Schools' Cup, 1st Ties**
Regimental Games
Peel Memorials Croquet Tournament Commences
Tues. 21. **Public Schools' Cup Ties**
Wed. 22. **Public Schools' Cup Final**
Royal Horse Guards *v.* Roehampton
Magpies *v.* Rifle Brigade (Past and Present)
Mr. Grenfell's Team *v.* Roehampton
Roehampton *v.* Worcester Park (at Worcester Park)
Thurs. 23. **Ranelagh *v.* Roehampton**
Regimental Games
Fri. 24. Members' Games
Sat. 25. **Rugby *v.* Rest of England**
2nd Life Guards *v.* King's Dragoon Guards
1st Life Guards *v.* Tiverton
Old Wyckhamists *v.* Roehampton
Roehampton *v.* Hurlingham (at Hurlingham)
Mon. 27. Moreton Morrell *v.* Roehampton

MAY.

Mon. 27. Eaton *v.* Parthians
Regimental Games
Tues. 28. Members' Games
Wed. 29. 1st Life Guards *v.* King's Dragoon Guards
Madrid *v.* Roehampton
Royal Horse Guards *v.* Tiverton
Moonlighters *v.* Magpies
Rugby *v.* Ranelagh (at Ranelagh)
Thurs. 30. Handicap Tournament
Regimental Games
Fri. 31. Members' Games

JUNE.

Sat. 1. **Hurlingham *v.* Woodpeckers**
Mr. Grenfell's Team *v.* Magpies
2nd Life Guards *v.* Tally Ho
King's Dragoon Guards *v.* Roehampton
Mon. 3. **Members' Croquet Tournament Commences**
Rugby *v.* Old Cantabs
Madrid *v.* Tiverton
Roehampton *v.* Ranelagh (at Ranelagh)
Tues. 4. Members' Games
Wed. 5. **Derby Day**
Roehampton *v.* Woodpeckers
King's Dragoon Guards *v.* Madrid
H.H. The Maharajah of Bikanir's Team *v.* Roehampton
Beavers *v.* Eaton
Thurs. 6. Handicap Tournament
Regimental Games
Fri. 7. Members' Games
POLO AND RIDING PONY SOCIETY'S SECOND ANNUAL POLO PONY SHOW
Sat. 8. **Roehampton 1906 Team *v.* Rest of England**
Moonlighters *v.* Aldershot
Royal Horse Guards *v.* Madrid
Old Wyckhamists *v.* Roehampton
Rugby *v.* Hurlingham (at Hurlingham)
Mon. 10. Mr. Grenfell's Team *v.* Old Cantabs
Madrid *v.* Tiverton
Regimental Games
Rugby *v.* Hurlingham (at Hurlingham)
Roehampton *v.* Ranelagh (at Ranelagh)
Tues. 11. Members' Games
Wed. 12. **Roehampton *v.* Rugby**
Sharavogue *v.* Roehampton
Mr. Grenfell's Team *v.* Tigers
Aldershot *v.* Roehampton
Moonlighters *v.* Roehampton
Thurs. 13. Handicap Tournament
Regimental Games
Fri. 14. GYMKHANA
Members' Games
Sat. 15. **Roehampton *v.* Old Cantabs**
1st Life Guards *v.* Madrid
Royal Horse Guards *v.* Eaton
Old Wyckhamists *v.* Roehampton
H.H. The Maharajah of Bikanir's Team *v.* Roehampton
Mon. 17. H.H. The Maharajah of Bikanir's Team *v.* Madrid
Magpies *v.* Roehampton
Red Rovers *v.* Roehampton
Regimental Games
Tues. 18. Members' Games
Wed. 19. 1st Life Guards *v.* Tiverton
Aldershot *v.* Tally Ho
Beavers *v.* Parthians

JUNE.

Wed. 19. House of Lords *v.* Madrid
Thurs. 20. Handicap Tournament
Regimental Games
Fri. 21. Members' Games
Sat. 22. **Roehampton *v.* Hurlingham**
Sharavogue *v.* Old Wyckhamists
1st Life Guards *v.* Roehampton
King's Dragoon Gds. *v.* Roehampton
Red Rovers *v.* Roehampton
Mon. 24. **Junior Championship, 1st Ties**
Regimental Games
Championships Croquet Tournament Commences
Tues. 25. **Junior Championship Ties**
Wed. 26. **Junior Championship Ties**
Thurs. 27. **Junior Championship Ties**
Regimental Games
Fri. 28. Members' Games
Sat. 29. **Junior Championship Final**
Royal Horse Guards *v.* Roehampton
Moonlighters *v.* Roehampton
1st Life Guards *v.* Rifle Brigade (Past and Present)
2nd Life Guards *v.* Roehampton

JULY.

Mon. 1. **Roehampton Cup, 1st Ties.**
Regimental Games
Tues. 2. **Roehampton Cup Ties**
Wed. 3. **Roehampton Cup Ties**
Thurs. 4. **Roehampton Cup Ties**
Regimental Games
Fri. 5. GYMKHANA
Members' Games
Sat. 6. **Roehampton Cup Final**
Madrid *v.* Eaton
Tiverton *v.* 1st Life Guards
Magpies *v.* Tally Ho
Mon. 8. **Ladies' Nomination Tournament, 1st Ties**
Challenge Cups' Croquet Tournament Commences
Regimental Games
Tues. 9. **Ladies' Nomination Tournament Ties**
Wed. 10. **Ladies' Nomination Tournament Ties**
Thurs. 11. **Ladies' Nomination Tournament Ties**
Regimental Games
Fri. 12. **Ladies' Nomination Tournament Ties**
Sat. 13. **Ladies' Nomination Tournament Final**
1st Life Guards *v.* Tiverton
King's Dragoon Guards *v.* Parthians
Royal Horse Guards *v.* Tally Ho
Mon. 15. Mr. Grenfell's Team *v.* Woodpeckers
Tiverton *v.* Roehampton
Regimental Games
Tues. 16. Members' Games
Wed. 17. Spring Hill *v.* Tiverton
King's Dragoon Guards *v.* Magpies
Moonlighters *v.* Parthians
Beavers *v.* Sharavogue
Thurs. 18. Handicap Tournament
Regimental Games
Fri. 19. Members' Games
Sat. 20. Royal Horse Guards *v.* Spring Hill
1st Life Guards *v.* Tally Ho
King's Dragoon Guards *v.* Parthians
Sharavogue *v.* Red Rovers
SEPT. 2. **Champion Cup Croquet Tournament Commences**

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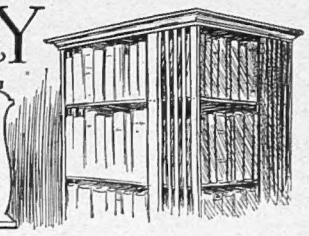


Books to Order This Week

"A Short History of Mediæval Peoples." By Robinson Souttar. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
"From One Man's Hand to Another." By G. H. Breda (6s.)
"The Last of the Mammoths." By Raymond Turenne. (Chatto and Windus: 2s 6d.)

MEDIÆVAL RELIGIONS—A REMARKABLE HISTORY

The Philosophy of Christianity

There are two criticisms offhand to be passed on Mr. Robinson Souttar's *Short History of Mediæval Peoples* (Hodder and Stoughton)—the one, that it is not short; the other, that it is not a history of Mediæval Peoples. What Mr. Souttar's volume really is is a critical survey of *religion* in the Middle Ages, with side-glances at Society and politics. It is of extreme interest and value, not so much as a history, but as a sketch of the evolution of Christianity and Mohammedanism. Mr. Souttar's estimate of Christianity, though written in avowed sympathy with that creed, is, nevertheless, of philosophical interest, as it presents Christ's mission to us as it presented itself to the Romans, whereas Protestantism forces the student to regard it from the standpoint of the Hebrews. Taught, as are most Anglo-Saxons, to sympathise with the "chosen race," to regard Christ as the fulfilment of the Jewish law and the prophets, and the New Testament, not as a chapter in the general history of the world, but as a corollary to the Hebrew Old Testament, we have been abjured to view Christ emotionally as the Jewish Messiah, not philosophically as the Sage of Galilee. By treating the reader as a *Gentile*, as a descendant of Roman or Teutonic ancestors, by inviting him to see Christ as the Gentiles of his day, rather than the prejudiced Hebrews saw him, something like a new impression of His teachings is given us.

A Summary of the Gospel

Here is Mr. Souttar's summary of Christian doctrine, presented, remember, to the reader after a brief *resumé* of Roman history and literature has secured his sympathies with Roman standards:

> Christ's teaching was free from excitement, superstition, sophistry, or uncharitableness. He was not narrow-minded, his rules were suitable, not only for the Jewish race, but for all men and for all times. He did not argue or explain. He uttered short sententious rules as one having perfect knowledge and full authority. He summed up all that it was necessary to remember, in order to lead a perfect life in two simple but never to be forgotten precepts, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart"; "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." Though twenty centuries have gone by, and the world may be presumed to have grown in wisdom and experience, Christ's teaching has never been improved upon. It stands alone, perfect, unique.

This presentation of the *philosophy* rather than the dogma of Christianity is of such obvious value as to be allowed to speak for itself for the wisdom of the historian before us in this branch of his work.

A Biassed View of Mohammedanism

It is a pity Mr. Souttar could not have regarded the teachings of Mohammedanism from the same calm and detached standpoint. When he comes—after describing the rise of Christianity in Rome, the establishment of Byzantium, the work of the early Churchmen—to the period entitled "The Saracens," he becomes somewhat violently biassed. He places rather too much stress on Mohammed's moral weakness as an individual, and rather too little on the immense and enormously successful appeal of his teaching. The mass of the people of Arabia at the time of the Prophet were, as Mr. Souttar himself states,

> in dense spiritual darkness. Vice, infanticide, highway robbery, drunkenness abounded. And their Gods, what were they? Three hundred and sixty-five deities in the Kaaba, blocks of wood.
>
> Mohammed came to the conclusion that all men had gone astray. Jews, Christians, Arabian idolaters, had alike forgotten the first great cause—the Most High God. He must begin there. *There is one God.*

"A Bad Book and a Bad Man"

Mohammed having admittedly, by his strenuous and courageous work, converted to monotheism a pagan world, is it just for this historian to stigmatise Mohammedanism as the "worship of a bad book and a bad

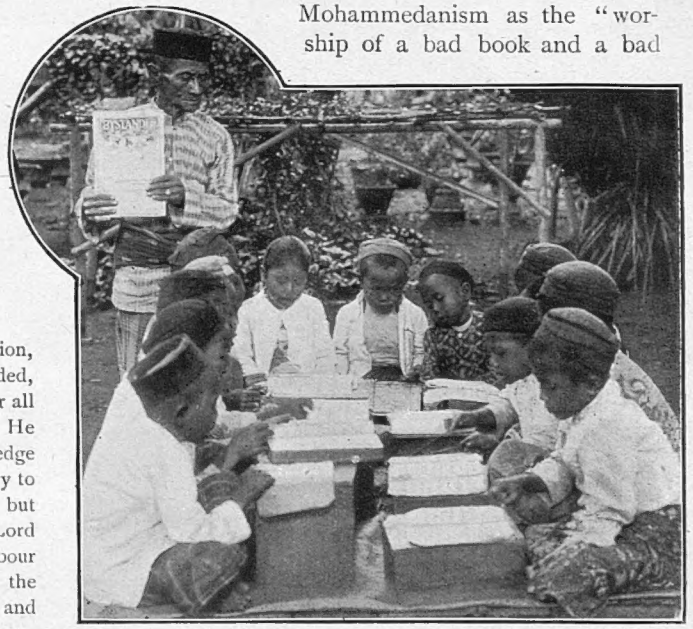


Photo *M. C. Kirkpatrick*

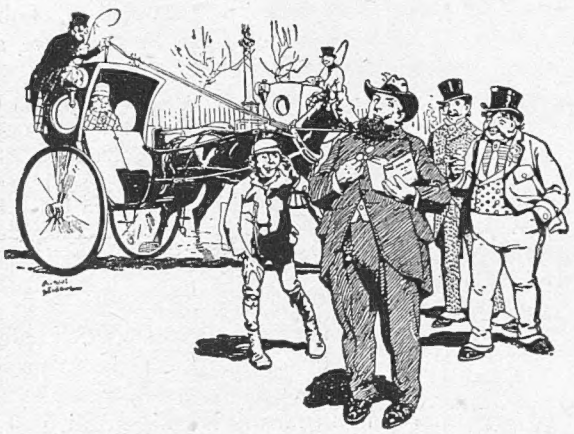
Teaching the Koran in Java

The above photograph (one of the "BYSTANDER Everywhere" series) shows that the Koran is taught with a thoroughness and universality by no means to be despised by Christians. It shows a Javanese preparatory schoolroom run by the night-watchman of a local compound. The Koran is the only subject taught. The pupils read in a shrill, monotonous chant, and, although each is engaged at a different part of the holy book, it is wonderful how the master instantly detects a mistake made by any scholar

man"—to revile Allah as a "God of ignorance, of immorality, of assassination, of truce-breaking, of rapine, of bloody war"? If Mohammedanism has brought such evils in its train as Mr. Souttar states, what of the frightful enormities committed in the name of the God of the Christians—of which some excellent instances are furnished by Mr. Souttar himself in his description of the barbarous Crusades? It is not for us, with the recollection of nearly two thousand years of sanguinary conflict behind us, who, even at this day, can only keep the peace with our own highly civilised fellow-Christians by spending hundreds of millions a year on armaments, to apply the epithet "bloody" to Islam.

The American Abroad

England has long since ceased to be amused by the supposedly humorous exploits of vulgar young men of the Jerome K. Jerome species on the Continent. Consequently, nobody nowadays thinks it worth while writing them up. America, however, we must suppose, still finds material for mirth in the exploits of vulgar Americans—



Are Americans laughed at in Europe?

According to Mr. George Ade, in "In Pastures New," they are; and an elderly gentleman wearing a "Kansas hat" is liable to be ridiculed in European streets. On what grounds the objects depicted in the rear of the above picture (lifted from the book) could possibly dare to laugh at anybody—seeing the quaint and fantastic clothes they themselves are wearing—is not obvious. As to the artist's idea of a hansom—well!

[*From "In Pastures New," by George Ade (E. Grant Richards)*]

old as well as young—hence *In Pastures New*, by Mr. George Ade (E. Grant Richards). This tells us mostly of exploits in and impressions of England, France, Italy, and Egypt by one Mr. Peasley. Englishmen who want to know something entirely new and strange about their own country should study Mr. Ade, whose "Fables in Slang" made him famous. I suppose Mr. Ade has, by the way, been over here? When next he runs against the young man who did the pictures which adorn his tale, would he give our kind regards, and hope that he, himself, will some day pay a visit to this Continent? There are points about the cut of our clothes, the shapes of our hats, and the rig of our hansoms which I feel sure he would find it worth noting when next illustrating a humorous book about European customs. The picture above shows how far his knowledge on the subject has, at present, extended.

The Mournfulness of the First Novel

In only one respect do I take exception to Mr. Fisher Unwin's First Novel Library—which has now reached the comfortable total of fourteen volumes. I could wish for a quieter colour-scheme for the covers, which, at present, are a somewhat exhilarating green. In one respect, no doubt, this colour is eminently suggestive of the freshness of the author's methods. Personally, however, I should prefer a colour less radiant, as befitting the chastened spirit in which the cunning critic really approaches a "first novel." There is, if anything, something rather funereal about the first novel. The better its artistic promise, the more conscious am I of a throbbing, funeral note in the bass of the score. For the greater the gain to Literature by the budding author's talent, the deeper the loss to private life of his personality. Filched from the service of man is one who has hitherto, of necessity, been an ornament to some phase of private life—a talker, perhaps, of wise or witty distinction; the lion of innumerable tea-tables; the letter-writer, the sight of whose handwriting on an envelope beneath the breakfast-plate has filled with emotion, either lively or deadly, the whole tablehood. His "first novel" successfully published this great ornament has gone for ever from the private life he so adorned. Mr. Undertaker Unwin has taken him away. No longer will a *mot* be thrown away by him on a tea-party; a sage saying on a neighbour in the evening train; a description of place or person on a letter to a mother; a poetic rapture on the ears of a lover. All alike will henceforth be treasured up for burial between the boards of novels Nos. 2, 3, 4, and 5.

A Promising Pessimist

The latest capture of Mr. Unwin—Mr. G. H. Breda, author of *From One Man's Hand to Another*—is scarcely likely to impoverish private life in the matter of wit. He brings to us a pen steeped in gall—deep, incessant tragedy is his speciality. Not that the story is exactly tragic in subject-matter. Commendable in its simplicity, it tells us of Jim, the peasant boy, brought to London from the wilds of Erin by an artist who has discovered him to have talent. Put to work in a school, he paints and paints and paints—just as do his fellows of both sexes—for years and years. Once, he paints the picture of the woman (Lauri), *ætat* forty, of dark and bitter experience, forcible character, and deeply pessimist philosophy—and falls in love with her. His success with the woman's portrait provokes her protector, the artist Vivian, to destroy first the offending canvas, then himself. The pair having married and gone away together, find love impossible between them, and the boy takes himself back to Ireland, abandoning alike art and love. In telling the story, Mr. Breda has given it about as much melancholy as its plot could hold. A more depressing view of London's Art-life has never, surely, been presented. The only lighter emotions shown in this tale of dismal loves are the hatreds. Vivian's destruction of the boy's canvas, and his subsequent suicide, almost the only actual incident of the story, is a relief which almost amounts to refreshment. But Mr. Breda is a promising pessimist. VIVIAN CARTER.

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W. S. BUCKMASTER (Moreton Manor, Moreton Morrell, Warwick) writes:— October 26, 1906.

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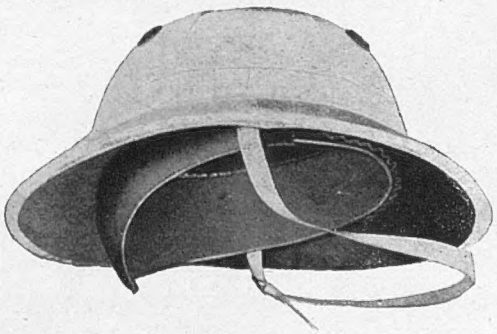

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By Mrs. JACK MAY

Earth of Egypt and "Chêne" Ribbon

Although I still very much admire the kimono corsage, with its drooping shoulder line and graceful draperies, it is quite conceivable we shall grow utterly weary of its presence at the prevailing rate of acceptance. All the great drapery houses who cater for the populace are concerned in its production; consequently, it is with no sort of surprise that one observes the more exclusive *couturières* emphasising other silhouettes, notably every variety of the *fichu* bodice, together with a certain deep-cut *berthe* that is inclined to clip the shoulder, and in every way carries a reminiscence of the Early Victorian age.

Mode: Bechott David *Photo: Manuel*

A Parisian Tailor-made Costume for Morning Wear

Comprising a *trotteuse* skirt and a kimono bolero, worn over a *filet* lace shirt, with a *crêpe de chine* cravat

Without question, the leading colour of the year is Earth of Egypt, a sort of delicate hearthstone tint, which is really lovely in marquisette voile and Shantung. For the two first-named fabrics several notable *modistes* are providing wide *chêne* ribbons of suitable harmony, these to contrive *bretelles*, sashes, vests, and even, at the moment, skirt panels. The skeleton corsage has an assured feature, wondrous combinations having recently arisen in the shape of *bretelle* bands and epaulette effects, these invariably supplemented by the lingerie slip. There was never a moment, as a matter of fact, when dress was more easily arranged in bits. You can buy the bits or make the bits, and, given the gift, of course, arrange these to form one beautiful ecstatic whole.

In Paris they are according favour to short, vague, heavy, black lace coats as an accompaniment to light-coloured taffeta and Shantung gowns. The suggestion has a tempering note that makes a direct appeal, in its way as great a one as the fussy little light-coloured taffeta *fichus*, with white or neutral-tinted gowns, about which I believe I have already spoken. There is a certain *fichu* model, the ends of which cross in front and tie at the back, that is adorable, but which exacts for its best finish masses of narrow ravelled-out ruches. As will be readily understood, these are more for the summer months, whereas the *guipure* coat meets an immediate need, and is frequently mounted on soft silk foundations. It will be clearly understood this does not, in the very least, resemble the three-quarter-length affair of yore, but is just a dainty incidental matter, provided to fill the requirement of the immediate season.

The Value of Veils

The grip of the veil is apparently irresistible. The Parisian, as I have already related, has taken unto herself the umbrella *voilette*, an adjunct directly influenced by the automobile. There are varieties worked with chenille, hemmed with a border of *crêpe*, finished with a frill of chiffon or narrow silk fringe, while others, similar in kind to the one displayed in our photograph, are edged with a deep vandyked